

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW
AND
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII. — APRIL, 1870. — No. 4.

THE UNITARIAN CRISIS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

A VERY earnest discussion is going on, and likely to continue, concerning the affairs of the Unitarian denomination. We do not intend to go very much into this discussion,—one which we have long regarded as inevitable; but a plain statement, both of fact and principle, will save us from a great deal of misapprehension.

Unitarians have existed as a denomination for about fifty-five years, that is, from the year 1815. What was the principle from which they started and and which gave them a denominational existence? It was simply the principle of consistent Protestantism. Protestantism repudiated all ecclesiastical authority, as such, and planted itself upon the Bible alone. It saw clearly that the only alternative was the Pope or the Christ; councils and synods, or the Word of God. "Here I stand," said Luther, appealing to his Bible, "and I can do no otherwise." The reformers believed that the Bible was an unexhausted fountain of truth; that no popes, nor councils, nor commentaries, nor all Christendom together, had learned it out. "I cannot sufficiently bewail

the condition of the reformed churches," said John Robinson, "who will go no further than the instruments of their reformation." "God has more truth yet to break from his holy word."

The early Unitarians, Freeman, Worcester, Bancroft, Buckminster, Channing, and their compeers, planted themselves distinctly and firmly on this Protestantism. Hence they said, "Away with human creeds, that Christ and his word may have undisputed sway." By human creeds they meant human *interpretations* of the Bible, embodied in articles of faith, and made tests of church membership. They saw the hideous inconsistency of asserting the Protestant right of private judgment in the reception of Christianity, and then imposing this human creed as a foregone conclusion and a bar to all future progress. "They said, "Away with creeds," not to degrade the authority of Scripture, but to exalt it; not to dethrone Christ, but to enthrone him sole and supreme in the churches.

"This is my great privilege as a Christian," says Channing, "that I may sit at the feet, not of a human, but of a divine master; that I may repair to him through whom truth lived and spoke without a mixture of error, who was eminently the wisdom of God and the Light of the world. And shall man dare to interpose between me and my heavenly Guide and Saviour, and prescribe to me the articles of my Christian faith?"

Hence, when the Liberal churches were re-organized or new churches founded, instead of creeds, they adopted COVENANTS as conditions of church union and fellowship. The covenants were simple *agreements*, as the term implies,—agreements to stand together on the platform of the New Testament as fellow disciples of Jesus Christ.

Their distinction between a creed and covenant was simply this: the creed had been made not only a condition of fellowship, but a test of character. Those who rejected or outgrew it were disciplined, denounced, anathematized, excommunicated, not only from the church, but from social privilege, and even the humanities of life. And thus, even in New Eng-

land, as late as 1815, the creeds were made the instruments of the most odious ecclesiastical tyranny. The covenants were used for no such purpose. They were never made tests of character or occasions of discipline. They were the constitutions of the Liberal churches; terms of agreement on which they associated together to help each other, learn of Christ, commune with him through his ordinances, and help spread his gospel through society and through the world. Many of these covenants are before us. Their purport is the same, so far as we have been able to learn, in all Unitarian churches. That which was adopted in Channing's church reads, "You believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain the records of God's revelations to mankind, and afford the only perfect rule of faith and practice." Examine the covenants of any other Liberal church of that day and you will find the same thing repeated in substance. If any member of the church came to reject this covenant, he had simply to withdraw and cancel his relations. Never was he denounced or treated with social ostracism; never was his character defamed; never was he handed over to Satan. The church simply said, "Go if you must, and God be with you. We judge you not, but leave you to be judged by him alone." Immorality, or a corrupt life only, was regarded as a subject of discipline in the Liberal churches.

Such was the fundamental idea of Liberal Christianity. It was that of freedom and progress, but it was progress towards Christ, not away from him. It was in the full faith that Christianity, as given in the New Testament, had in it stores of truth as yet but faintly apprehended; that the old formulas about the trinity, atonement, retribution, the nature of man, redemption and regeneration, divine influence, did not contain the full riches of Christ, and that, the creeds being out of the way, the Christian church had an indefinable and glorious future. The theology of Channing himself was constantly progressive. In his Unitarianism he began as an Arian; but his last utterance, we should judge, would take him very near the Liberal Orthodoxy of to-day.

We must now look at another principle always held inviolate by the Unitarian churches. It is the principle not only of Congregationalism, but of church independency. Every church is an integer in itself, and utterly refuses amalgamation with other churches. It will not be responsible for their opinions or doctrines; it will not make them responsible for its own. It will unite with other churches in good works and enterprises, but it will own no outward human authority. This comes most logically from its prime principle of no creed but the Bible, and no master but Christ.

Such was the primal ground and starting-place of our Liberal Christianity, patent in the covenant of its two hundred churches, more or less, and the public profession which it made. It refused to be called a sect. For a sect, said the early Unitarians, is moored on some human *interpretations* of the Bible, — the church catholic on the *whole Bible*, with the right of private judgment held sacred and entire. They were charged in that day with hidden tendencies to skepticism; with denying the authority of Scripture while quoting it; were called infidels and deists in disguise. They promptly repelled these charges as orthodox slanders; Channing in his warm and indignant eloquence, Henry Ware in his calmness and clearness of statement. "Whatever doctrine seems to us clearly taught in the Scriptures," says Channing, "*we receive without reserve or exception.*" "An infidel," said the younger Ware, "is one who does not believe the Scriptures." And he, and many others of like spirit, contended that Unitarians received the Scriptures more unreservedly than the Orthodox, since they (the Unitarians) exalted them above all private interpretations. "Unitarianism," said Ware, "rejects every creed but the Bible, and unseats every judge but Christ."

In the year 1825 was formed the American Unitarian Association. The purpose of its founders was twofold: to bring the separate churches isolated in their independency into some sort of sympathy and co-operation, careful at the same time that their independency should not be infringed.

Its object was also to diffuse "pure Christianity;" and it spared no pains to let the public know what pure Chris-

tianity signified in the estimation of the Liberal churches. It was fundamentally the same that was embodied in the covenants of the separate churches themselves. It published tract after tract affirming that Jesus Christ and his word were the foundation. In a tract before us, which passed through twelve editions, and we don't know how many more, they say, "Jesus Christ is the only Master of Christians, and whatever he taught, either during his personal ministry or by his inspired apostles, we regard as divine authority, and profess to make the rule of our lives."

Again, when denied the Christian name, they put forward this definition in another tract: "Every man who believes the Scriptures is a Christian, in opposition to a deist or an infidel, who does not believe in the Scriptures." And in another tract, re-issued not a great while since, answering the charge that Unitarians set up the authority of human reason above revelation, they say, "It is a calumny. Unitarians do no such thing, and every intelligent man knows that the charge is false. Unitarians receive the Bible as supreme authority in deciding all matters belonging to religious faith and practice. From its decisions there is no appeal. They bow to it as the supreme law. Its commands are the commands of God." Such were professions reiterated for fifty years. And to assure the public still further, and remove all ground of suspicion, the Association adopted, we believe unanimously, the following resolution, now on its records: "That the divine authority of the Gospel, as founded on a special and miraculous interposition of God, for the belief and instruction of mankind, is the basis of the action of this Association."

On grounds and assurances like these the Association appealed to the public for support, and received it. Donations were made; funds given them in trust; churches made their ministers life members, paying for each life member thirty dollars into the treasury of the Association, and collections were taken up in the churches.

In 1865 a committee of the Association called the first National Convention, which met at New York. The object

of the Convention was very explicitly stated in their circular. It was "the urgent and speedy presentation of *our Christian views*," — views which the Association had thus been proclaiming to the world for forty years, and which were now to have a larger and more emphatic utterance by a convention of delegates from all the Liberal churches. By this convention the National Conference was formed. We need not make a recital of the proceedings. They are well known. In the preamble of its constitution the object stated was entirely congenious with the covenants of the churches and the declarations of the Unitarian Association. It recognized "the obligations of all disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove their faith by self-denial and the devotion of their lives and possessions in the service of God and the building up of the kingdom of his Son." Passing over the subsequent history of the Conference, we come to the last meeting at New York, where an alteration was made in its constitution. An article was added which stated that this preamble and constitution only expressed *the opinions of the majority*. The object of this article was well understood to be to admit to equal terms of membership those persons known as Radicals, thus adopting the absurd principle that persons could come into a delegated body, act in it, and vote in it, without acknowledging the authority of the preamble that defines its object or a single article of its constitution.

Who are the persons thus invited into this Unitarian Conference, and what are the views which they hold and are zealous to diffuse; who are to act and vote in a conference whose machinery is used by the American Unitarian Association to raise funds from the Liberal churches? They are men who adopt essentially the results of the Tübingen criticism, reproduced in this country by Theodore Parker, and which may be summed up by saying the New Testament is an infallible rule neither of faith nor practice; that the Fourth Gospel is a forgery of the second century; that the other Gospels are partly spurious and legendary; that the whole frame-work of narrative in the New Testament called miracle is false and mythical; and that such a being as Jesus

Christ, as he is presented to us in the New Testament, never existed on this earth. They are writers and preachers among whom are gentlemen of distinguished ability, whose character and motives none of us undertake to question, some of whom we have known personally, and only to respect and love. Prominent among them is the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, President of the Free Religious Association, and at the same time a member of the National Conference. Mr. Frothingham thinks there are two religions in the New Testament: that of Jesus who was only human; that of the Christ who was superhuman; that while the influence of the former is good, that of the latter is bad. "The Christ," says Mr. Frothingham, "*has encouraged indifference to actual evils and wrongs*; has declared vital interest in mundane affairs to be a sin; he has uttered warnings against serious devotion to mortal interests, or deep concern about temporal issues; he has rebuked reform; spoken lightly of education; flouted philosophy; maligned science; depreciated statesmanship; put politics and literature and social economy under the fatal ban of secularity, and regarded moral movements tending to the elevation of the people, and the improvement of the material condition of mankind, with distrust, and often with vehement aversion." * — *The Radical*, Vol. III., p. 221.

Again, "The love of Christ runs to sentiment, and the more intense it is, the more it is unreal; *it is such love as persecutors and bigots have been animated by, rather than philanthropists and reformers*; it has fired more dogmatic zeal than human enthusiasm; it has taken out of society more vital will than it has infused into it." — *Pp.* 95, 96.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow says, "There is nothing in Bibles, Persian, Hindoo, or Hebrew, which human nature cannot explain. Their errors are certainly human; the grand truths which irradiate them are equally human, and none the less divine for that. Redeemers, manifestations, incarnations of God, all nations and ages have needed and have had them; first, living men, mythologized into demigods, into gods. Not

* The italics are ours.

otherwise has it happened with him whom Christendom worships, Jesus of Nazareth, to the Orthodox, a God; *to the Liberals a mythologic demigod*; to them who are spiritual, a brother who needs no more than human nature and its native capacities to explain all he was and did. Human; but remember all of divine that human means, since the human soul is by its nature open to the inspiration and indwelling of God.

"*What Jesus was, and what he did, indeed, we never can exactly know.* This much, at least, I think is proved by these many attempts to reconstruct his life on a historic basis: *that we no longer have the means of constructing it with any certainty.* The great good they will do to accustom men to look upon him as perfectly human." — *The Radical*, Vol. II., p. 524.

Rev. J. L. Hatch, a member of the second National Conference, expresses profound respect, intense admiration, and affectionate regard for Jesus as a man. But the Jesus Christ as given in the New Testament, and thence in our own church covenants, is offensive to him in the extreme. Not only the Jesus of orthodoxy, but that of Dr. Peabody, who said that Jesus comes in the place of our parents as an infallible guide, and stands, as they stood, between God and us, makes Mr. Hatch exclaim, "Let us hear no more of this talk of Jesus! You have crowded out 'the real Jesus,' and substituted 'a distorted image,' 'a hideous idol'! which must be removed. Let the 'real Jesus' be substituted for it, if possible, by all means; but at any rate take this blasphemous caricature of him out of our sight. It is offensive in the extreme." — *The Radical*, Vol. III., p. 241.

Rev. Wm. J. Potter, an able expounder of free religion, and not long since one of the committee of the American Unitarian Association for the nomination of officers, accepts the conclusion of the Tübingen criticisms, "That the Gospels, and also the Book of Acts, did not come in their present form from the authors to whom they were originally assigned;" and he says, "We shall not have Christianity set in its true position in the world's history, until we have its history written from this point of view, — until we come to

see it, not as a piece by itself, interjected into the course of history through the power of any person, however eminent in wisdom or character, but as a fluent force, the momentum and resultant of many confluent ideas, and of many generations of thought and sentiment and action,—not beginning with Jesus, nor confined to Hebrew history alone, yet coming to specific organization and activity through the instrumentality of the Hebrew-Messianic idea, and through the spiritual genius and power of the Hebrew prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, as the accepted representative of the Messianic office; not leaping, however, as a complete solidified system, even from his brain and heart, but enlarging and essentially transforming the Messianic conception, its own instrument, in order to meet the religious demands of the age; and, as it proceeded in its work of organization, assimilating to itself various other religious ideas and modes of thought foreign to the Hebrew faith and to the views of Jesus; receiving in its course contributions from different climes and nations and persons and philosophies, and modifying its nature as well as its volume by their fresh increments to its constituent elements, until it has grown from a small, despised, persecuted, and, to our modern ideas, a somewhat ascetical and fanatical Jewish sect, into the gigantic and social power, interpenetrating the whole of modern life with its influence, and modern civilization with its machinery, which we see Christianity to be to-day."—*The Radical, Vol. VII., p. 96.*

Enough of quotation. Any one may see, without quotation or argument, the premises being admitted, these gentlemen are certainly right. The supernatural element of the New Testament being voided, the Christ disappears or exhales into a mere phantasm, and only the man Jesus remains. And the authenticity of the narrative being impeached, nothing very certain about this man Jesus can be known. Christianity is not a religion "interjected" into history, but developed out of human nature, as all other religions have been. And the Christianity of the future is not to be the Christianity of the New Testament, but a religion supplemented from all other religions, and the discoveries of future ages. And to

make the phantom of John's Gospel either a divine incarnation or an infallible guide is to set up "a mythological demigod," a "hideous idol," which ought to be, as it is to these gentlemen, "offensive in the extreme." Plainly the church covenants are right, or Messrs. Frothingham and Potter are right. There is no middle ground between. It is not a question of dogma. It is a simple question of fact. To make the Christ of a forged document either Saviour or Lord, or his word "an infallible rule of faith and practice," is sheer superstition; and to make this a fundamental article of church organization is to place the churches on a foundation of sand and rubbish. From one-fourth to one-third of the ministers called Unitarian are supposed to accept the results of the new criticism, and therefore are in sympathy more or less with Messrs. Frothingham and Potter. The change in the constitution at the last National Conference had for its object, as was well understood, to suspend the preamble and constitution so far as it conflicted with the views of these gentlemen, and invite them to co-operation as belonging "within the circle of our fellowship." Dr. J. F. Clarke, in an article in the "Christian Register," written as he always writes, in a spirit of candor and liberality, says that the National Conference has all the creed we want. He forgets that it is the creed only of the majority, and has been dispensed with for the express purpose of constituting gentlemen of the views above described members of the body.

What right has any one to complain if other denominations understand, as they certainly do, that gentlemen holding these views, or the societies which they represent, are Unitarians, acknowledged as such by the National Conference? And what becomes of the solemn protestations of Unitarianism for the last half century, and the charges of "calumny" against orthodoxy?

A very serious and a very practical question now arises. The National Conference, called originally by the American Unitarian Association, acts in concert with the Association to raise money, to send forth missionaries, to endow theological schools; and the Association uses the machinery of the Con-

ference for these purposes. It is well known, that, in the help given to feeble societies and their ministers, men sympathizing with the views of Messrs. Frothingham and Potter, as well as those who stand upon the church covenants, receive aid from the treasury of the Association. We know this is the case; for abundant communications come to us from societies sustained by the Association showing that the preachers of those societies accept the results of the Tübingen criticism.

How can it be otherwise? How can Mr. Lowe, fervent and full as his own Christian faith may be and is, set up any tests of his own, or go into any personal examinations, unless the Association and National Conference give him some basis of action? But how long can any one suppose that contributions will flow largely and spontaneously into the treasury of the Association or the Conference from churches that stand squarely on their covenants while such a state of things is suffered to exist? Our friends ought to know that the impression is becoming deep and general among the churches with Christian covenants, that the money which they contribute does not go faithfully to the object they give it for, but for assaults on the very foundations they stand upon. With what heart or self-respect can a minister read his church covenant to the young converts that enter the fold, "You receive Jesus Christ as your master and Lord, and solemnly promise to make his word the rule of your faith and practice," and the next day take up a collection which will pay somebody, for aught he knows, to show in some other church that this same Christ is a "mythologic demigod," or a "hideous idol," and that the love which he inspires is "such love as bigots and persecutors have been animated by"?

And what a figure in history is any denomination likely to make, which, in its organic utterance, says in one breath, "Hosanna in the highest," and in the next, "Away with him, he deceiveth the people"? We think Dr. Clarke at least will agree with us, that any denomination that undertakes such exploits as these will merit, as it will undoubtedly receive, the derision of Christendom and the contempt of mankind. That the Unitarian denomination will do this we have little

apprehension, for the plain reason that the churches which stand on their covenants will never lend themselves to it, but, as soon as they find themselves drawn into it, will withhold their contributions; and then the machinery both of the Unitarian Association and the National Conference is at an immediate stand-still.

The impression that they are verging towards it, we said, is becoming deep and general. We know it from what is said by some of the best informed among us, clergy and laity, who have the highest interest of the denomination at heart, and we are very certain that, unless something is done, and that very soon, to place the churches in more open and honest relations with the Unitarian Association, the conferences, and the theological schools, what is now everywhere spoken in the ear will be proclaimed from the house-tops. The hard work which the Association has in raising its funds, notwithstanding the universal confidence in its Secretary, is owing to this growing distrust. Large and wealthy societies give reluctantly. Good Unitarian laymen, whose private charities and benefactions exceed individually the whole amount of annual contributions to the American Unitarian Association, give nothing at present to the cause of Unitarianism, because they will not pay anybody to prove that their own church covenants are either a superstition or a lie.

Before the last collection was taken up the Secretary issued his circular to the churches, stating distinctly and in detail the objects for which the money was to be expended. They were good objects, and the churches responded liberally. If the money goes for any purposes not mentioned in the circular, or if the Secretary is not placed on a foundation where his action is not liable to be overruled, we think the contributions will come harder, and grow less and less. Dr. Clarke, and a few men like him, can, if they will, place the Unitarian Association squarely and solidly on the ground where the churches stand, can take the National Conference out of its present position, which is equivocal, to say the least, and restore the confidence which, to both the Association and the Conference, is the very breath of their life.

But then it would be very illiberal, some one says, for the American Unitarian Association to have a "creed," and make that the sole basis of their action and disbursements. It will be re-actionary exclusion, and so forth. It will be very "narrow" to exclude the Radicals from any share in the disbursement of its funds. Why then have the Association been proclaiming for fifty years that they have a creed already; and charging orthodoxy with calumny for saying they denied the Scriptures and the authority of Jesus Christ? And what is the quality of that liberality which receives money ostensibly for one purpose and disburses it for a purpose exactly the opposite; which collects money to extend "the kingdom of Jesus Christ," and pays it over to men to make Jesus Christ a mythologic demigod, or phantom of the second century? Such liberality as this is not defined as a virtue in any dictionary we have at hand. Ask any three merchants in State Street what they think of it in business matters, and they will be very likely to designate it by some other name. Liberality is a very good thing, but it has no right to expunge MORAL HONESTY from the list of cardinal virtues. As for "exclusiveness," we never heard of any truth that did not exclude its opposing error, any yes that did not exclude no, any articles of agreement for any associated body that did not exclude whatever would be self-destructive, or would knock it in pieces. We will be liberal towards any man whose opinions clash with our own; we will try to find what is good in his character or doctrines; we will defend his right to the freest utterance: but all this does not require of us to circulate his opinions, much less go before our people on Sunday and ask for a collection to spread them to the farther ends of the earth.

THE "NEW MOVEMENT."

What kind of a confession of the Lord Jesus Christ is likely to be made in a body so constituted, that to a large portion of it such confession is the inspiration of "bigotry," and "offensive in the extreme"? We have had some experience on that score. In the opening exercise of the last Na-

tional Conference, Dr. Bellows put in a noble plea for the Christianity of our church covenants, and it was bitterly denounced as an impertinence and a violation of the comities of the occasion. He has more moral courage and energy probably than most of us, but he yielded to these comities at last. Who does not see that it must be even so, and that any assertion of a Christianity which is a compromise between yes and no will not be very long in the aggressive tones of thunder that compel audience, but will sink incontinently to the cooings of a sucking dove? Hence, very naturally, as long ago as the meeting of the last Conference, individuals conferred with each other on the feasibility of some union of ministers and churches whose minds and hearts should be more in harmony with each other. This desire of late has found more distinct and emphatic utterance, and it has alarmed some writers in the "Christian Register." They smell "a creed" in every tainted breeze, and wonder what shape it will have. "Shall Dr. Stebbins make it?" asks Dr. Clarke. "Then it will not suit Dr. Bellows. Shall it be made by Dr. Bellows? Then it will not suit Mr. Sears." We think Dr. Clarke is mistaken. We think any creed that either of these gentlemen would propose, would suit all three exactly, for it would be the New Testament with no private interpretations foisted thereon. It would be just what Liberal Christians have stood upon for half a century. It would be our church covenants in brief. It would be the preamble of the National Conference with no nullifying clause. Nobody that we know of has proposed any other. Nobody we presume has imagined any other. No Liberal Christian would tolerate any other.

But standing on this ground, will there not be differences of opinion? Unquestionably, and very wide differences. But can we not see the distinction? Those who acknowledge Jesus Christ as the supreme authority and guide, and advance ever nearer to him, are making progress towards the central and all-harmonizing truths which he represents. However wide apart they may be at the start, their progress is ever on *converging lines*; and, the human creed being out of the way, orthodox and heterodox are moving alike towards a higher,

and yet higher unity, even to the consummation which the Christ foretold, — "I in them, and thou in me, that they also may be one in us, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me." On the other hand, leave out the Christ and his unitizing word, and let each man strike out for himself, and we tend to a crumbling individualism, to endless distraction and confusion. We shall move then on *diverging lines*; and we do not believe the best of us could find any logical stopping-place till we all were brought up together in the infinite imbroglio of Milton's Paradise of Fools. For the new criticism as we find it, — and we have not only read but studied its best expounders, — while it is large and liberal in its denials and even its denunciations, does not, as we can see, bring out the scintillation of a positive spiritual truth which our children are not taught in the Sunday-schools, and which we do not find in larger and brighter setting to the all-harmonizing Christianity of the unmutilated New Testament.*

Whether the time has come for any new organization, for any other purpose than conference and mutual edification, we very much doubt. If any number of churches desire this, who is going to hinder them? We see great good possible from such union of neighboring churches of kindred spirit and faith for larger and warmer fellowship on the basis of our church covenants, and for any distinctive Christian work which they may choose to do. It would be a pretty bold thing for the National Conference to undertake the suppression of such a movement. It would be a stroke aimed at the independency of the churches, and would show that the National Conference ought itself to be suppressed. But such a union must come of itself when it comes at all. Anything

* We commend these ideas of *progress* to our friend "H. G. S.," of "The Christian Register" (Feb. 26), who calls us *conservative* and *re-actionary*, for no better reason than that we believe in progress towards the Christ, and not in a backward movement to the deism of the last century, or the pantheism of two thousand years ago; who impliedly charges Dr. Peabody with believing in baptismal regeneration when he explicitly denies it, and Mr. Sears with being a Swedenborgian, who has said often enough that he is not.

drummed up would be an ignominious failure. It must come at the call of the Head of the church and the urgencies of the Divine Spirit within. It would not be to antagonize the National Conference, but to inspire it with a Christian life, more distinctive, fervent, and full. It would not aim to divide, but to unify; not to pull down, but to build up on the eternal foundations. When the issue is fairly and cleanly made, as it is sure to be, between the Christ as sole and supreme Head of the church on the one hand, and the pope at Rome, and all the little Protestant popes on the other, the union longed and prayed for out of so many Christian hearts will be nigh. The "new movement" will truly begin, fulfilling the words of the old prophecy, "Lift up thine eyes round about and see; all they gather themselves; they come to thee; thy sons shall come from far and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side."

REFLECTIONS.

SHARP experience changes wearisome truisms into impressive truths.

When a man's friends tell him that he is growing young, his looking glass tells him that he is growing old.

Wounded pride heals soonest when covered up.

A gentleman who returned to his father's house after a long absence in a foreign country, and found that time had changed his brothers and sisters into men and women, said that he walked about the house with a feeling that he should meet somewhere the children whom he had left behind.

If suffering is needed for men's discipline, how much will the progress of the world diminish it?

Ordinary statesmen serve men for the sake of ruling them. A nobler class rule men for the sake of serving them.

He pays dearly for the applause of the multitude who gains it by sinking to their level.

The highest fame is that of being actuated by the highest motives.

The best profession of religion is a good life.

The higher the studies, the fewer the students. "The foremost horseman rides alone."

Hot tempers get men into hot water.

See with your eyes, and not with your ears.

Clarke, the famous traveler, advises persons who visit Jerusalem to shut their ears and open their eyes.

Wisdom cries, though oft in vain,
"Always strive, but never strain."

The expectations which a man excites by overstraining himself breed disappointment when he slackens his killing pace.

Be not dazzled by a name, —
Fools fill half the ranks of fame.

He has a poor spirit who would not rather do men good than gain their applause.

A free community makes its own laws, but if it does not obey them it will lose its freedom; for when freedom is weighed against order and security, it kicks the beam.

Much of the literature which the world admires, the authors lived to be ashamed of.

Man disappears at death like a stone sinking in the sea. A few bubbles — then all is still.

E. W.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY A. P. PEABODY, D. D.

II.

UNDER the Divine administration the giver is always the receiver. There is no favor, benefit, or service which yields not a revenue to him who bestows it, often richer than to him on whom it is bestowed. This is the case not only among living souls, but equally among the works of God. "One thing establisheth the good of another." Thus the sun is most glorified as its pure white light is broken by and reflected from the creation which it vivifies and gladdens. The spring rains are made beautiful in the fields and forests which were desolate without them. The same law binds in mutual benefit all departments of knowledge, thought, and mental activity. There are among them numerous relations of reciprocal dependency and service; between two correlated departments the question never is which of them is auxiliary to the other, but which of them exceeds the other in its ministerial offices; and, as regards pre-eminence, the Christian law prevails,—the greater is that which is the more serviceable. We believe and have endeavored to prove that religion occupies this position with reference to science. In a recent article we attempted to show that the axioms and the methods of science are the gift of faith,—that man becomes a knower only by first being a believer. But science has reciprocated the service, and faith owes to science much of its certainty, purity, breadth, and loftiness; so that even in the Scriptures, in the Gospel, in the very words of him who spake as never man spake, while there is a wealth of significance for the humblest and least developed mind, there are still hidden treasures which are revealed only in the light of science, and which grow on the devout believer in proportion to the clearness, scope, and depth of his scientific vision. Some of these services rendered by science to religion it is the design of the present paper to exhibit.

Science enlarges and intensifies our religious conceptions. There is a little island but a few miles from the coast of New Hampshire and Maine, some of whose aged inhabitants have seldom visited the main land, and never traveled a mile into the interior. Among these we have found persons of so limited intelligence as to suppose that the world extended but little beyond the few towns with which their boats had intercourse. Of the heavenly bodies their notions must be similarly inadequate. They no doubt think of the sun, moon, and stars as hardly exceeding their apparent magnitude, and as existing chiefly for the benefit of their scanty island population. Such persons may be sincerely devout, may be penitent and dutiful, and on the familiar side of piety may talk to God as a man talks with his friend. But all their conceptions of the Divine Being must be paltrily narrow and humble. Were they to witness the pomp with which some distinguished public functionary or benefactor is received by the magistrates of a city, or holds an audience of his fellow citizens, that man would seem to them a more majestic being than they had ever been able to imagine God to be.

Now contrast with such ideas the views of Omnipotence conveyed to us by our knowledge of the vast agencies of the material universe, of its immeasurable extent, of its innumerable clusters of rejoicing worlds, of the sacred harmony that reigns through the fields of limitless space, of the hand that guides Arcturus and Orion, while it rounds the dew-drop and paints the cup of the lily. The illiterate islander is capable of but one type of piety, the familiar, confiding, trustful. This is equally at our command; for revelation makes the Author and Upholder of all worlds our Father and our Friend. But for us there is room for awe-stricken adoration, no less than for filial love. We can feel the Almighty close to our hearts, and, at the same time, we can take the wings of the morning, and track his footsteps to the uttermost parts of the universe. Science thus enlarges and intensifies the apprehensive faculties of the religious nature, and opens conceptions of grandeur and sublimity as to the Divine Being which can never be reached or approached by ignorant

piety, however sincere and fervent. Moreover, these vast conceptions re-act on the emotional elements of the religious life. With every enlarged view of the omnipotence of God, his condescension seems more amazing, his compassion awakens new tenderness of sensibility, his fatherly love becomes a more soul-filling and soul-whelming thought, and there is a growing stress of gratitude in the exclamation, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

Science also fixes and deepens our sense of the divine benignity. In the Bible there are two classes of representations as to God's character and government. In one he is made known as profusely beneficent, as filling the universe with manifestations of his love, as crowning the dwellers upon the earth with tokens of his tender compassion and long-suffering mercy. In the other he is the righteous Judge, visiting transgression with condign punishment, wielding the thunderbolts of a retributive providence, making the fearful agencies of nature the ministers of his just displeasure. Both these aspects of the Divine character have their place and office in the faith of the Christian. But what shall be their relative proportions? Which shall preponderate? In which shall we look for the foundation attribute? Shall fear, slightly modified by trembling love, or shall love, tempered by humble fear, be the prime element of the religious life? This question is not, and could not have been, definitely answered by a written revelation. Both elements have, as they should have had, explicit and full statement in the words of Scripture. Which shall take precedence in the believer's heart, depends on the range of human experience and the scope of human knowledge open to him.

In the infancy of society, man found himself surrounded by fearful forces of material nature, which he could neither calculate, control, nor avert. He was exposed unsheltered to the storm. His rude harvests and ruder dwellings were at the mercy of every element. Numerous agencies, easily

made beneficent, seemed hostile, because not understood, and therefore unmanageable. The whole realm of the unknown was wrapped in mysterious dread; and fear engendered superstition, while superstition deepened fear, in an ever-returning circle. After the arts of life came into exercise, and ensured, to a certain extent, safety and comfort, there still remained numerous phenomena, and whole departments of nature, which were utterly unknown, and with reference to which all the associations were those of gloom, terror, and Divine malignity. Almost to our own day, there were many beings, objects, and processes that were regarded as express contrivances for the production of evil and misery, as manifestations of wrath, as betokening a world lying under its Maker's curse. In this condition of knowledge and belief it was impossible that intense stress should not have been laid on the darker portions of revelation,—on God the Potentate and Judge, rather than on God the Father.

Science, taking its start, as we showed in our last number, from the axiom of revelation, "God is love," has demonstrated the benevolent design and the vast preponderance of beneficent results in all the mysterious and fearful portions of the material world; so that the volcano is but the safety-valve for elements that sustain the genial temperature of our planet, the lightning flies as a swift minister of health, and the convulsions of nature are but the heaving of vital forces that perpetually feed and renovate the activity, beauty, and gladness of organized existence. It is proved that there is no such thing as evil of design or contrivance, and that physical evil (so-called) is but a transient ripple on the current of beneficent agency. Now, with all these revelations of science, the loving, paternal representations of God in Scripture receive a fuller, deeper emphasis than they could have had in times of inferior knowledge. Fear has fallen back to its rightful place as the satellite of love. All God's works praise him. Fire and vapor, storm and tempest, the thunder and the earthquake, speed on merciful ministries. Man may study the character of God in the person of the benign and gentle Redeemer, may then go forth and trace those same attributes

in every phasis of nature, and may find reassurance for his faith in the very scenes and events that would once have racked and strained it almost to utter denial.

Nay, science has done still more. The philosophy of history and of human nature has shown even retribution, in its severest forms, to be the part of Divine mercy; has demonstrated that in no respect does God more efficiently manifest himself as the Father of all men than when he punishes the guilty; and has stamped upon the healing pains and woes that overtake transgressors the inscription with which science has belted the earth and spanned the heavens, "God is love."

Not only thus, but in still more direct and express agencies, we may trace the office of science in promoting obedience to the Divine law. This end it subserves, first, by the clear views which it gives of the inevitableness of retribution. In a condition of society in which the relations of cause and effect are but imperfectly understood, law, reward, and punishment all seem arbitrary; and the idea that the Divine anger may be appeased and retribution stayed by prayer, or sacrifice, or a late change of character, is not unnatural. Even the explicit declaration of Scripture, that, under the Divine government, every man will receive according to his works, has failed to check the tendency to this belief among unenlightened Christians, whose current phraseology and habits of thinking make amazingly little difference between the blessedness of the faultlessly excellent and the lot of those who by a spasm of remorseful agony seek to expiate the guilt of a lifetime. But, with advanced knowledge of the truths relating to the being and destiny of man, we now see that measured and full retribution is inevitable,—that the ligaments which bind sin and its penalty are among the bonds that hold the universe together,—that escape from the consequences of one's deeds is an event of the same order of probability with the starting of one of the planets from its orbit. So far as moral ætiology enters into the education of the young, and presides over the formation of the habits and character, it cannot but enforce all the maxims of Christian

virtue and piety; and we may hope for the advent of the time when the youth shall start on his life-career with as clear and keen a sense of the invariableness and inexorable operation of moral causes as of the properties of water, fire, and steel.

While moral science thus republishes and confirms the law of God, physical science, in its application to art, lends its potent aid in the execution of that law. We witness even now the incipient fulfillment of the declaration, "There is no darkness nor shadow of death where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves." When a countenance can be portrayed in half a minute, multiplied in an hour, and in a few days distributed over the world; when a criminal deed may be instantly made known, and its author denounced, on every route on which he can seek flight; when microscopic analysis and chemical tests may search out and bring to the light of day a crime of which the perpetrator thinks he has destroyed the faintest vestige,—it would seem as if, not the minds and hands of finite mortals, but Omniscience and Omnipotence, were tracking the way of the transgressor,—as if the very voice of the Almighty were saying to the sorely tempted, "Be ye sure your sin will find you out."

Nor is the effect of these appliances of science to be contemplated alone, or chiefly, in the case of the tempted or the guilty. They help to create in the young and the innocent that profound sense of the inviolable sacredness of the Divine law, that salutary fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom. They serve to brand with their actual characteristics and tendencies the good and the evil, to fix moral distinctions indelibly in the heart, and thus to supersede the penalty of sin by cutting off the will and the power of sinning.

Equally does applied science offer its aid to every form of obedience, goodness, and holiness, first, by multiplying for the individual the means and materials of knowledge as to all that may bear upon his conduct, and as to all on which his conduct may have a bearing; and then, by enabling him to act for good in a larger sphere, with a surer aim, and with a more intense efficacy. Our readers can hardly need to be

reminded that the applied science of the present age, in all its instruments and methods, lends itself to philanthropy, to those who serve God by serving their brethren, — there being no process of multiplication, diffusion, transmission, which does not charge itself from the very outset with beneficent purposes and ministries from man to man. When the far-off time, foretold by Hebrew seers, shall dawn upon the earth, when wars and strife shall cease, and the family here shall be as truly one as the family in heaven, the unifying Gospel of Christ will have effected its reconciling and unifying mission through the ministry of science, and it will be bonds that will have been thrown around the race by the genius, art, and skill of man, that will become bonds of universal peace and good will.

In this and the preceding article it has been our endeavor to prove that there is no strife or discrepancy, but only harmony and mutual confirmation and aid, between religion and science, each needing the other, each the more honored in the other's honor. "What God hath joined, let not man put asunder."

ÆSOP hath a fable of the two frogs that, in the time of drought, when the splashes were dry, consulted what was best to be done; one advised to go down into a deep well, because it was likely the water would not fail there; the other answered, But, if it do fail, how shall we get up again? Thus riches are a pit, whereinto we soon slip, but can hardly scramble out. Small puddles, light gains, will not serve some; they must plunge into deep wells, excessive profits; but they do not consider how they shall get out again, they do not mind the great dangers that are attendant upon riches: whereby it comes to pass that they are either famished for want of grace, or drowned in a deluge of wealth. If, then, this world be a sea, over which we must swim to the Land of Promise, there will be no necessity of such abundance of luggage, except it be to make us sink the deeper. — *John Spencer.*

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

BY JOHN C. KIMBALL.

EVERY one has had occasion to notice how often the words "kingdom," "kingdom of heaven," and "kingdom of God" are used in the New Testament, and how great is the stress which is laid upon them. John the Baptist and Jesus himself both commence their ministry with the same words, "Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand." A large part of the parables are made up of comparisons between this and some outward thing. The apostles were sent forth on their mission with instructions especially to preach its coming. It is represented as the great privilege of disciples that they are able to know its mysteries. One of the noted things which Christ did after his resurrection was to speak of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. And in the Lord's Prayer we are instructed, among the very first petitions, to ask evermore, "Thy kingdom come."

What is the meaning of this phraseology? What the nature of this kingdom? and when or where are we to look for its coming?

It is doubtless true that Christ in this, as in so many other cases, took his phraseology from the traditions and common speech of the people around him. All the glory of the Jewish nation was connected with a time when it was a kingdom ruled directly by Jehovah himself, or by those, like David and Solomon, to whom he had given the sceptre. The great desire and hope of the Jewish heart for ages had been a restoration of the old state of things, when they should be again a separate and independent power, honored and respected by the nations around them, and with a new David or Solomon sitting on the throne and enforcing all the rites and ceremonies of the first Mosaic Law. It was this which was to them the kingdom of God. A long line of prophets had foretold its splendor. The hope of it burning in ten thousand hearts, and transmitted from father to son with ever-

augmenting brightness, had helped them to bear up with unflinching courage under long years of captivity, dispersion, and degradation. It was the great national idea, as liberty is with America, or power was with ancient Rome. No person could have been a true Jew—that is, could have been born of the spirit as well as the blood of his people—and not have had it.

With such a feeling in the public mind, the very moment that Jesus or any one else came forward as the Messiah, the Redeemer, the Deliverer, he brought with him of necessity this idea of a kingdom. It was not a matter of his own choice. It gathered of itself around his name. To have denied its possibility, to have said it was all a mistake, and that for his country there never more could be any hope of a separate nationality, would have been a needless cruelty, a mockery of their fondest hopes; and would have raised at once an irreversible prejudice against him. The only alternative was to take the words, spiritualize their meaning, and make what use he could of the mighty feeling they aroused in leading on his hearers to true conceptions of what the divine reign on earth must be.

Of course the idea of the Jews could not be otherwise than that of a temporal sovereignty. The kingdom was to be on earth. It was to have definite lines and boundaries, was to be intersected by rivers, and crossed by mountains, and dotted over with cities and towns. Jerusalem was to be its capital, Messiah its visible ruler, the temple its place of worship, Deuteronomy its laws, and Leviticus its ritual. Houses and lands, gold and silver, were to make its wealth. Mighty armies were to defend its borders. And at last all the nations of the earth were to be brought under its sway and bow in homage before its splendor.

And yet this was very far from being all. The kingdom of God, even in the old Jewish conception, was by no means a realm of mere outward or material prosperity. It was to be in very truth a divine kingdom. Jehovah was to be worshiped as its supreme sovereign. It was to him that its wealth and power and grandeur were to be dedicated. The

laws of righteousness and justice and perfect equity were to extend throughout all its borders. And it was to conquer the whole world, not, as with Rome, for the sake of its own aggrandizement, but only to fill it with the principles of a true religion, and lay it all as a trophy at the foot of the eternal throne.

It is common with Christians to represent the kingdom which Christ taught as diametrically opposed to all this. It was to be entirely spiritual; was to consist in ideas, and have no outward form or embodiment, unless it be that of the church; was to be entirely outside, not only of the Jewish, but of all nationalities; was to be not only "not of this world," but not of this earth. Such a conception takes away all real meaning from the phrase, and makes it to be little else than a figure of speech. It is a kingdom only in the same sense as we speak of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the kingdom of nature, and the realm of truth. It was not what the heart of the pious Jew longed for, was not in any sense a fulfillment of the Hebrew idea. And, if this was all that Jesus meant, it would have seemed to his disciples very much like a truth to the ear, and a cheat to the soul. It is a mistake hardly less than that of the Jews themselves.

The contrast between the kingdom which Christ taught and that of the Jewish faith was not so much, after all, in its real nature as in the way it was to be established, and the fullness and breadth with which the old conception was to be carried out. The chief difference is in what was to come first. The Jews expected to begin with the outward form of a divine kingdom, with laws and institutions and a ritual and a government all complete, and then fill it afterwards with righteousness and truth, then make it afterwards the agency of establishing the true ideas and spirit of religion over all the earth. Christ went to work exactly the opposite way. He began with the ideas and principles, began with establishing the spirit of God in the human heart; and then left that to work out its own embodiment. It is the only true way. Every strong kingdom the world has ever known has

augmenting brightness, had helped them to bear up with unflinching courage under long years of captivity, dispersion, and degradation. It was the great national idea, as liberty is with America, or power was with ancient Rome. No person could have been a true Jew—that is, could have been born of the spirit as well as the blood of his people—and not have had it.

With such a feeling in the public mind, the very moment that Jesus or any one else came forward as the Messiah, the Redeemer, the Deliverer, he brought with him of necessity this idea of a kingdom. It was not a matter of his own choice. It gathered of itself around his name. To have denied its possibility, to have said it was all a mistake, and that for his country there never more could be any hope of a separate nationality, would have been a needless cruelty, a mockery of their fondest hopes; and would have raised at once an irreversible prejudice against him. The only alternative was to take the words, spiritualize their meaning, and make what use he could of the mighty feeling they aroused in leading on his hearers to true conceptions of what the divine reign on earth must be.

Of course the idea of the Jews could not be otherwise than that of a temporal sovereignty. The kingdom was to be on earth. It was to have definite lines and boundaries, was to be intersected by rivers, and crossed by mountains, and dotted over with cities and towns. Jerusalem was to be its capital, Messiah its visible ruler, the temple its place of worship, Deuteronomy its laws, and Leviticus its ritual. Houses and lands, gold and silver, were to make its wealth. Mighty armies were to defend its borders. And at last all the nations of the earth were to be brought under its sway and bow in homage before its splendor.

And yet this was very far from being all. The kingdom of God, even in the old Jewish conception, was by no means a realm of mere outward or material prosperity. It was to be in very truth a divine kingdom. Jehovah was to be worshipped as its supreme sovereign. It was to him that its wealth and power and grandeur were to be dedicated. The

laws of righteousness and justice and perfect equity were to extend throughout all its borders. And it was to conquer the whole world, not, as with Rome, for the sake of its own aggrandizement, but only to fill it with the principles of a true religion, and lay it all as a trophy at the foot of the eternal throne.

It is common with Christians to represent the kingdom which Christ taught as diametrically opposed to all this. It was to be entirely spiritual; was to consist in ideas, and have no outward form or embodiment, unless it be that of the church; was to be entirely outside, not only of the Jewish, but of all nationalities; was to be not only "not of this world," but not of this earth. Such a conception takes away all real meaning from the phrase, and makes it to be little else than a figure of speech. It is a kingdom only in the same sense as we speak of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the kingdom of nature, and the realm of truth. It was not what the heart of the pious Jew longed for, was not in any sense a fulfillment of the Hebrew idea. And, if this was all that Jesus meant, it would have seemed to his disciples very much like a truth to the ear, and a cheat to the soul. It is a mistake hardly less than that of the Jews themselves.

The contrast between the kingdom which Christ taught and that of the Jewish faith was not so much, after all, in its real nature as in the way it was to be established, and the fullness and breadth with which the old conception was to be carried out. The chief difference is in what was to come first. The Jews expected to begin with the outward form of a divine kingdom, with laws and institutions and a ritual and a government all complete, and then fill it afterwards with righteousness and truth, then make it afterwards the agency of establishing the true ideas and spirit of religion over all the earth. Christ went to work exactly the opposite way. He began with the ideas and principles, began with establishing the spirit of God in the human heart; and then left that to work out its own embodiment. It is the only true way. Every strong kingdom the world has ever known has

been, not a thing made, but a growth out of some living principle, just as much as a plant or a man. What is the reason that so many efforts to establish republican governments alike on this continent and in Europe have failed? It is because the leaders, instead of beginning with impressing on the people the idea and sentiment of liberty, have begun with organizing the government and expecting somehow that that would mould the people. Men cannot have a republic by any machinery, however perfect, where there is not the spirit of one in the human soul; and where there is, they cannot have anything else. Look at the efforts of Congress in our own country to reconstruct the South, — build up the rebel States after the pattern of those in the North. Everything in the way of outward form that legislative ingenuity could devise has been attempted, one plan after another tried; one law after another, as it was found wanting, supplemented with provisos and conditions and safeguards. Yet how miserably has the whole effort failed! The real work all the time has been going on in quite another way. It is the farmers, the traders, the quiet school-mistresses, going there with those silent germs out of which our Northern civilization has grown, that have done it. The genius that, amid obstacles and discouragements without number, has dotted the South with free schools has accomplished more than all the wisdom of Congress, — planted a seed that in the next generation will bring forth all that is worth anything of reconstruction.

So with the kingdom of God. If the effort had been made to build it after the Jewish method, no matter what success there might have been through divine power in organizing the form, it must in the end have been like the attempts to make republics and to legislate reconstruction, — a ghastly failure.

But Christ was too wise to fall into such a mistake; indeed his course here is one of those things which shows his transcendent wisdom, shows how far he was above the statesmen of earth. He began with the principle, the sentiment, the living germ. The nature of the kingdom of God, as he planted it on earth, is indeed entirely spiritual. Its boundaries are the lines of truth and right. The states of which it is com-

posed are those of the soul,—faith, hope, peace, meekness, and charity. Its capital is in the human heart. The rivers with which it is crossed, mightier than any that ever bore the commerce of earth, for they carry the product of celestial climes, are the streams of divine grace. Conscience is its court; the gospel, its statute-book; love, its law. Its rulers are those who serve the most; its great men, the ones who are the most like children. The gold and silver of noble deeds compose its wealth; the brightness of pure and holy lives, its splendor. Its service is to visit the afflicted, and give the cup of cold water to the thirsty, and to speak the words of hope to the dying. And its temple, its very holy of holies, is the prisoner's cell, the cottage of the poor, and the lonely wayside where the Samaritan kneels with oil and wine over the wounded traveler.

It is this element of the kingdom which is described so fully in the New Testament. It was to come without observation, was to be not here or there, but within you. It was to be like the mustard-seed, which was planted as the least of all seeds in the field; like the leaven that was hid in the three measures of meal; like the net that was cast into the sea to gather up at first all manner of fishes, no stress being laid on outward form. It was to be not in word, but in power; and was to consist not in meat and drink, but in righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. It was to be the kingdom of truth.

But because all this was its character in the beginning, because the Saviour, with his perfect wisdom, saw fit to plant it as an idea, a seed in the human soul, it does not follow it was always to keep its ideal existence, that it was never to have anything earthly or material about it, never to take any outward form and embodiment. The very object of placing it there as a seed was to have it spring up and grow, and become a real, living, visible thing. The kingdom of God in its completion is to be not dim and shadowy, not free of nature and natural laws; no Atlantis or Utopia, but as rich and outward and mighty, as full of warm and blooming life, and with more and mightier nationalities gathered within it, than all

that the old Jew in his divinest imaginations ever dreamed of; is to be a realm in which all forces, moral and material, carnal and spiritual, natural and the supernatural, shall work together in harmony and for the common good; one in which perfected nature shall be the friend and co-worker with the perfect Spirit. Its boundary lines of truth and right are to take in actual countries described in geographies and marked out in maps. It is to have houses and streets and cities and towns. Flowers are to bloom on its meadows, trees dot it with their checkered shade, birds sing in its groves, sunlight sparkle on its waters. It is to have steam-engines and telegraphs and printing-presses and workshops and counting rooms and ships and commerce. And men and women, with actual human forms, with bright eyes and healthful cheeks and nerves that never ache, are to walk its streets. Its difference from the kingdoms of earth is to be not so much in form and feature as in the completeness with which the spirit of heaven shall penetrate and transfuse and employ all of its parts. The principles which Christ planted as an idea are to be embodied in its laws and institutions. The men who are the most capable of serving, and who are the most free from guile, are to be actually its rulers and heroes. The voice of conscience is to be heard, not in the individual alone, but is to echo through the halls of justice, and prompt the words of judges and lawyers, and give shape to the rulings and decisions of courts. Its citizens, in all their words and deeds and looks, are to be actuated by the spirit of love. There is to be no cheating in its markets, no corruption and bribery in its halls of legislation, no smoking or swearing in its streets, no vulgarity in its theatres, no bickering or harshness or coldness in its homes. Six hours are to be the working-day of all its people, with no one, whatever his wealth or sex may be, allowed to be idle or aimless. Peace is to dwell in all its borders. The lion and the lamb of theology are to lie down together; the sword of creed be beaten into the plowshare of duty, and the spear doctrine into the pruning hook of virtue. Its ten thousand churches, differing in their views till each man shall find that element of truth which is

best suited to his own wants, are to be bound together all in the oneness of the spirit. Equality, political and social, is to be not a doctrine merely, but a living fact. Everybody is to belong to the first rank, each the servant, each the served. There is to be no poverty, no luxury; no tables that are overloaded, none that are spread with what is scanty or unwholesome. Voting is to be based on mind, not on sex. The schoolhouse, the academy, and the college are to be open free to each one of its myriad children. And when the time of worship comes, there is to be no staying away from service on account of the headache or the weather or the want of early rising or of a grateful heart; no dull sermons, no wearisome prayers, no song of praise lifted up, in which the voice of every citizen in the whole vast kingdom shall not be heard. It is the glory of God that shall fill the whole realm, the service of God that shall quicken every head, the love of God that shall dwell in every heart, his light that shall beam in every eye, his own eternal spirit that shall glow and guide and uplift in every soul; and it is this shining through the flesh, shining through and sanctifying every atom of matter, that shall make it the kingdom of God.

Where are we to look for this kingdom? In what quarter of the universe is it to be established? How shall we reach its blessed portals?

The answer is all in the prayer for it. It is to come. The word is full of profoundest significance. We are to seek it in no shining star or circling planet, are to mount up for it into no heaven of heavens. It is to come, is to be established here on this earth, is to have these skies bending over it, these waters laving its shores, these continents, capes, and islands making up its glorious parts. Boston is to be one of its cities; America one of its grand nations; the dull earth we are treading over from day to day the witness, in one form or another, of its exceeding joy. There is indeed a spiritual abode, a realm that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor it entered into the heart of man to conceive, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, that is reserved for the individuals of our race; but for the race itself, humanity's

great heaven, there is no reason to suppose it is to be outside this present earth. The idea that the globe is to be burned up at last, is to be left a barren waste, as a poor farmer leaves the field which he has plowed and hoed for a score or two of years, is as false to Scripture as it is to all sound philosophy. When Christ said, "My kingdom is not of this world," he meant in respect to character, not place; just as the apostles wrote, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." It was coming down out of heaven as a bride adorned for her husband that the seer of Revelation beheld the New Jerusalem; and the words which the great voice said to him were, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God." Its foundations are being laid even now on the earth, its walls garnished with the precious stones of time. The living elements, the everlasting spirit of it which the Saviour planted in the human soul, were not in vain. It is coming, is taking place, little by little, in the laws and institutions of society. A myriad agencies, a myriad even in the dull realm of matter, are at work to bring it on. And, if the task seems great, if we are tempted to ask, can there ever be a kingdom of God amid the evil and sin and shame and war and folly of the world around us, we have only to go with the cosmologist and look at the past; look at the earth when it was all a thin, fiery mist or a molten ball; look at it when it was without form, and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep; look at it when the first man, naked, houseless, ignorant, — a mere step, apart from his immortal spark of soul, above the brute beasts, — was placed on its surface; look at it even at the time of Christ, so full of moral darkness; and find in what has already been accomplished, the certain pledge of what is yet to be.

And this reminds us to say, the kingdom of God, as it comes in space, is also to come in time. It is the characteristic of all other religions that their golden age, their period of the highest happiness, innocence, and prosperity is in the distant past. It is something their fathers had, something

which they are passing from. Their position is that of looking backwards. Memory is their inspiration. The future is all dark ; shows for the world only a deeper abyss of shame and woe, has only a heaven beyond the clouds for here and there an individual soul. There are some who have tried to put Christianity in the same class ; have thought it made the world begin in Eden, and end in dust and ashes. Such, however, is very far from being the position which is taken in its doctrine of the kingdom of God. Its golden age is in the time to come. It stands with its back to the past, and with its face to the future. It is the religion of hope, of progress, of aspiration. It gives the soul an object for which to live, makes life, makes even the meanest, smallest parts, full of meaning, full of glory. The world is moving ; the ages march. A kingdom, and not a conflagration, stands before us. Every word and deed and thought, every day of struggle, every night of pain, is to have its consummation at last, not in chaos, not in a universe of ashes, but in the bloom and joy and brightness, in the peace and truth and purity of a realm where God is to have his throne, and whose pillars are to stand forever.

Who, then, will not read with deeper interest this Bible phrase, the "kingdom of God," and breathe with a fuller aspiration the petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come." It is not a dead phrase, not a relict merely of the old Jewish faith, not the prayer for something which is thin and shadowy and unsubstantial. It is full of life and power and beauty. It has a meaning to us ten thousand times more than it ever did to Jewish bard and seer. It is in the very line of our Christian faith, yea, in the very hope and spirit of our age and land. And when we pray for this, we pray for all that is high and good and true, pray for all that is substantial and real and solid, pray for the great end and aim of all our progress. And, if at times we are apt to become discouraged and disappointed, if darkness seems to be setting back over the earth, and evil to rise triumphant over virtue, and sin and sorrow to press heavy on the upward struggling soul, it is well to remember the words are not a prayer only, but a prophecy even more. The

kingdom will come. It grows in the darkness not less than in the day. It falls back from its foes a moment, only to rush upon them with more tremendous strength ; and the sin and sorrow with which every heart struggles are but a sign of the mighty force with which it still is pressing on. There has never been a day or hour from the time when Jesus planted its first truth in the human soul when it has not made some forward step. How many are the mighty evils, how many the huge fortress walls it has overcome in the past ! What truths it has taught, what institutions established, what transformations in the whole temper and sentiment of society it has wrought, what vast armies of the fair and wise and young and brave, age after age, it has gathered around its standard ! It cannot fail. Its dawn is in the sky, its life in the world, its purpose in the soul. And no matter what obstacles may rise against it, what doubts beset its way, what darkness and sorrow and sin intervene before its triumph, the perfect fullness of its peace and truth and righteousness shall come at last, come on earth, come in time ; and the whole broad universe, from its mightiest living soul to its feeblest atom of dust, shine forth with its splendor, and bow down to its laws.

WHEN Alexander set forward upon his great exploits, before he went from Macedonia, he divided among his captains and friends all that he had ; for which, when one of his friends reproved him, saying that he was prodigal, because he had reserved nothing for himself, the answer which Alexander gave was this, that he had reserved much unto himself, namely, the hope of the monarchy of the world, which, by the valor and help of those his captains and nobles, he hoped to obtain. And thus, surely, he that giveth to the poor may seem to be prodigal, yet, in respect of the hope that he hath of profit, he is frugally wise. Neither is his hope such as Alexander's was, which depended on the uncertainty of war, but such as is grounded upon the certainty of God's Word." — *John Spencer.*

HOW HOPE SAVES.

A SERMON. BY REV. ROBERT LAIRD COLLIER.

We are saved by hope. — ROMANS viii. 24.

LITERALLY, and every way, this is true. We are not saved by faith, except as faith partakes of the nature of hope ; and we are not saved by love, except as love is the sequence of hope. Faith, hope, love. Faith is the outer court of hope, and love is its holy of holies. Faith is the pathway that leads to hope ; hope is the temple, and love the temple's dome.

Hope is the axis upon which the real world revolves. As everything is saved by hope, so everything is lost by despair.

“So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear —
Farewell remorse ; all good to me is lost :
Evil, be thou my good.”

The witch of Endor filled Saul's heart with despair. It was she who brought defeat, for in his brave heart she had slain hope. The battle of Gilboa was no sooner begun than it was lost : it was lost before begun. He was defeated by despair, not by the Philistines.

In any cause despair is the prophecy of defeat. And this is born of calculating the probabilities of failure. The general who loses the battle is he who counts the cost of defeat, whilst he who sums up the chances of success is he who never fails.

Two men start out on any given enterprise : the one is desponding, the other is sanguine ; the one begins in doubt, the other in hope. The doubt of the one brings failure ; the hope of the other brings success. So the Scripture teaches that “he that doubteth is damned ;” that “by *hope* we are saved.”

“Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.”

The age in which we live has all its enginery of power

and success hid away in this maxim, which is its universal creed, "Nothing is impossible."

The man who attempts nothing accomplishes nothing. The man who loses heart loses all. The man of hope is master of his vicissitudes. When the day of reverses comes, it brings either vanquished powers or added strength.

He who says all is lost has lost all. There are men all about us whose souls never feel a ray of sunshine ; who abide in the dark, damp caverns of life ; who sit in the region and shadow of death, bound and fated to this dreary misery by the tyrant despair.

" But despair is their doom whom doubt has driven
To censure fate, and pious hope forego ;
Like yonder blighted bough by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all who pass, a monument of woe."

Some misfortune has overtaken them, and under the wheels of this Juggernaut they are spiritually crushed. But this is not the meaning of the trials of life. They are to test our strength and give us power. The Athenian said, "I should have lost all, if I had not been lost." "Fire and hammer and file are necessary to give the metal form."

Providence means to deal with us as the eminent artist dealt with his pupil. The pupil had genius, and produced a picture of much merit, which was greatly admired by all. His young heart then swelled with vanity. He laid aside his palette and pencil, and sat daily before his easel, admiring the offspring of his own genius. One morning he found his beautiful creations expunged from the canvas. He wept bitterly. His master appeared, and said, "I have done this for your benefit ; the picture was ruining you." "How so ?" demanded the pupil. "Because, in the admiration of your own talents, you were losing your love of the art itself. Take your pencil and try again." The youth dried his tears, seized his pencil, and produced a masterpiece, which, but for this severe trial, he would, in all probability, have never executed.

The man who, with undimmed eyes, looks upon the blank which awhile ago was fullness ; who, in the memory of his lost wealth, feels his purpose undaunted and his arms still strong, — this man regains his fortune and doubles it.

A woman's strong heart has often been the golden girdle binding her family of orphaned children together in unity, love, and industry. Her health and her hope have been the law of her children's worldly prosperity. Had she sat down and gazed out into vacancy, and permitted, by her despondency and despair, her children to beg for bread, their begging would have soon brought the sense of degradation that links it to crime, and all that is pure and lovely would have been lost by the mother's doubt.

What if these fortunes be lost, if hope remain !

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;
The flower is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears."

"Look up !" thundered the captain of a vessel, as his boy grew giddy while gazing from the top-mast. "Look up !" The boy looked up and returned in safety. Despair has downcast eyes. Hope looks aloft. He loses who falters. He wins who leaves dangers uncared for and pushes on.

John Howe tells us, "This one engine moves the world and keeps all men busy : every one soon finds his present state not perfectly good, and hopes some way to make it better ; otherwise, the world were a dull scene. Endeavor would languish, and there were no room left for designs or rational enterprising of anything." Certainly this is the law of the world's activity.

St. Lewis, the king, having sent Ivo on an embassy, the bishop met a woman on the way, sad, fantastic, and melancholic, with fire in one hand and water in the other. He asked what those symbols meant ? She answered, "My purpose is with fire to burn paradise, and with water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without the incentives of hope or fear and purely for the love of God."

But men serve themselves and their God through hope of reward. Hope of gain starts the energies agoing. Hope of heaven makes us pure. If paradise were burned and the flames of hell were quenched, then there were no sweet virtue to bless, and no heinous vice to accuse us. But the redemption of the soul is wrought out by no other law than this. This is the one principle of reform. Every man may again become pure and noble. "May I?" asks that criminal, that man whose reputation is lost and whose character is gone, under the sentence of public law and condemnation of private conscience, separated from society as fraught with danger to it. "Yes!" answers back the gospel of Jesus Christ. This gospel was born of the mercy of our God, and in the series of its closing pictures there hangs a thief upon a cross, and a Saviour, in like agony, stopping with his divine power the natural workings of death in his own body that he may say to the dying brother, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Broken-hearted boy, that wanders from the knowledge of his mother in the treacherous belief that thus he will hide his shame, whose life has wasted away in sin and crime! Dissipation and debauchery are yet written upon all the lines of his face, and may be for years he has had no plan or purpose of a change of life. This bright day, when the sun breaks out in the heavens with a special greeting to him, the birds sing about him as they used to sing when his childhood was innocent; the pulse of manhood beats quicker; a picture of virtue rises before him; the deep-buried seeds of divinity within him begin to break through the soil of his soul, and as a rose, that has bloomed on some dark and shaded wall, sighs to live in the sunshine and sorrows in the sense that here it must die, turns its face towards that ray of light that has just fallen athwart the dreary place, he looks up into heaven, and the restful clouds and warm life of all nature seem to say to him, "God still lives and lives to love." He asks, in a moment of mingled despair and hope, "May I again be noble and pure?" "Yes," answers back the gospel of Jesus Christ, "though your sins be as scarlet they shall be washed away."

We know not the alphabet of God's long suffering love. We who think of what has been ; we who accuse and condemn ; we who pass by sin and the sinner lest we be tainted ; we who shun the depraved lest the moral pestilence reach unto us, — we live yet in a barren, sterile world, unlighted by the glory that shineth in the face of Jesus Christ : that cross of Calvary has as yet no meaning to us, and God himself is still the image of our own hard, relentless, avenging spirits.

Magdalenes, at the feet of Christ, may be the first to greet angels at the sepulchre of the resurrection. Redemption itself recognizes sin. We are not redeemed because we are innocent, but because we are sinful. The language of the highest redemption is, "Was lost and is found, was dead and is alive." There is no sealing of sin in God's plan and ordering. Only virtue is sealed unto eternity.

The gospel of redemption teaches that heaven is lost to no one man, but is just before the hope and seeking of every soul. One told Socrates that he would fain go to Olympus, but he distrusted his sufficiency for the length of the journey. Socrates told him, "Thou walkest every day little or much ; continue this walk forward on thy way, and a few days shall bring thee to Olympus." The more the effort, the more the heart.

The reply of the Spartan father, who said to his son, when complaining that his sword was too short, "Add a step to it," is applicable to everything in life.

The mistake of all philosophy, as of all religion, has been in looking upon man as he is, and not upon man as he is to be. He is sinful, but he is redeemed. The whole physical world — every bit of rock, every blade of grass — is a mute memorial of struggle, wounds, death, but of death unto life. The only meaning in death is renewed life. When the first chilling wind of autumn comes and drives before it the withered foliage of the forest ; when the grass is no longer green, and the birds cease to sing, and all nature sleeps in wintry death, the bosom of earth is not robbed of hope ; for as it was, so it shall be again. There shall be a resurrection unto life. The laws of nature never despair. This is not

defeat when winter comes. Oh, no: winter comes that spring time may follow.

There is a unity in all God's ways. Burdened soul, stricken in sorrow, disappointed, bereaved, this is not defeat. Your redemption draweth near. This is the trial of your faith which is much more precious than gold. It is only when sorrow works despair and not hope that our sorrows are curses. A brother and sister were playing in the field, when the boy lost a beautiful ring which was the Christmas gift of a dear friend, his choicest earthly treasure. After searching for it in vain, he went with many tears to a retired spot, kneeled and prayed. And did God answer his prayer so that he found the ring? No. "But," said the little boy, "he made me happy to lose it."

Pericles, as he was sitting before others in a meeting, a vulgar fellow railed upon him all the day long: at night, when it was dark, and the meeting broke up, the fellow followed him and continued his railing even to his door, and he took no notice of him what he said; but when he came to his own house, this is all he said to him: "It is dark—I pray let my man light you home." So it is a wise man makes trouble less by fortitude; but to a fool it becomes heavier by stooping to it. Remember then that all life is a struggle, but no life is meant of Heaven to be a struggle without hope. The sparrow that toils to build her nest, that seeks, amid scanty supplies, food for her young, toils and seeks with hope in her heart.

If this day be a dreary and dark day, let us thank God that this is not the only day,—a bright one will yet dawn. Hope is the rainbow that spans the sky of every soul.

Nothing is permanently lost. That man whose reputation and character is gone may regain it, not by despair, not by folding his arms in despondency, not by brooding over his misfortunes and his guilt, but by hoping in the mercy of God, by forgetting the past of wrong and folly, by beginning to-day to be noble and pure.

There is salvation for every man. This it is difficult to believe. Here we are blindly unbelieving. We look out upon the mass of our fellow creatures, and assume that these

thousands of unfortunate humans are fated to permanent misery. We prosecute our measures of moral reform with either pronounced or secret incredulity.

When that man is given over to the punishment of the law, when he is branded as a thief or a murderer, who among us feels that it is our first duty, in the faith of the Christian gospel, to re-assure his virtuous purpose to again be pure and noble; who has the courage of faith to inspire his heart with hope?

Even the mother gives way to the doubt that damns. The vigor of watching is unrelieved by the coming back to the home of the wayward daughter. She has fallen into sin. She is cast off from fireside and friends. Who has hope to give her? This will redeem. Oh! the gospel is a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. We preach hope and believe in despair. Religion is a fashion; we go as the world goes. When one great, divine man turned his breast against this atheistic philosophy, prevalent in the world now as then, he was borne back upon the tide of the world's popular clamor, and nailed he was to a cross of death; but that cross was transformed into a glory. And so long as the world retains any recollection of the real Christ of God, so long as men keep in the memory that day of Calvary and its dying martyr, so long will the picture of that woman who was "a sinner," in penitence, in tears, in reformation of life, remain engraved upon the heart of hope.

Only that soul is lost who has no desire to be pure. When sin is a pleasure, when crime is a luxury, when evil deeds have lost their sting and the guilty conscience feels no pangs, then, and then only, has the condemnation of God come upon man.

Son of man, brother of Jesus, whatever the past of your life; though your days have been filled up with wrong doing; though you may have stifled the spirit of good a thousand times,—has virtue no allurements, has purity no quality to bewitch your admiration, has heaven no function to inspire your longings, has God no fellowship to start your sighing and your seeking? Virtue, purity, heaven, God, are all still

attainable, all still for you. They hold not themselves in cold reserve; insulted by you, they forgive you. They come out to meet and encourage your every hope for a better life. It is not in the plan of God that any one soul should go to waste. Despair never. This cloud of doubt that hides the sunshine of Heaven's love is in easy reach of your hand of hope: drive it away.

"Make use of hope thy laboring soul to cheer:
Faith shall be given, if thou wilt persevere.
We see all things alike with either eye,
So faith and hope the self-same object spy.
But what is hope? or when or how begun?
It comes from God, as light comes from the sun."

THERE was a certain husbandman that always sowed good seed, but never could have any good corn; at last a neighbor came unto him, and reasoned what should be the cause he sowed so good seed and reaped so bad corn. Why, truly, said he, I give the land her due, good tillage, good seed, and all things that be fit. Why then, replied the other, it may be you do not steep your seed. No, truly, said he, nor ever did I hear that seed should be steeped. Yes, surely, said the other, and I will tell you how: it must be steeped in prayer. When the party heard this, he thanked him for his good counsel, put it home to his conscience, reformed his fault, and had as good corn as any other man whatsoever. Thus it is, that if we ever look to have a good improvement of our labor, and to have a blessing upon what we undertake, we must have recourse unto God by prayer; otherwise we may trade and traffic, fight and war, and get nothing. Nay, let us get ever so much, it is all in vain, because we ask not aright. — *John Spencer.*

THE culture of the intellect is an unmixed good when it is sacredly used to enlighten the conscience, to feed the flame of generous sentiment, to perfect us in our common employments, to throw a grace over our common actions, to make us sources of innocent cheerfulness and centres of holy influence, and to give us courage, strength, stability, amidst the sudden changes and sore temptations and trials of life.

MICHAEL FARADAY.*

BY G. E. ELLIS, D.D.

No one among the eminent scientific men of our own or of any times has combined such high qualities for investigation, and successful research and experiment, with such winning and admirable personal traits of character as did Michael Faraday. The very nakedness of the title written down—for his name has become a title—is the best index of himself, of his simplicity, his modesty, his humility. He might have had, like Davy, the prefix of "Sir," or "Bart.," after his name, and perhaps had even some higher designation of conventional ennoblement. He might have set such an example, or indicated such a vanity in keeping his crowding honors before himself in life, as would have induced his biographer to have occupied more than half of his titlepage—for it would have required as much as that—in displaying at length the honorary designations answering to his membership of various learned bodies. In all, Faraday received, according to the count of his biographer, ninety-five of these titular distinctions, signifying his membership of all the scientific organizations of note in London, as well as academic degrees, and tokens of royal and imperial consideration. He wrote none of these after his name, not even the three letters designating him as a "Fellow of the Royal Society," and he declined the proffered Presidency of that eminent Fellowship.

So the titlepages of two beautiful volumes before us read as follows: "The Life and Letters of Faraday. By Dr. Bence Jones, Secretary of the Royal Institution." These volumes, from an English imprint which has furnished an edition for circulation in this country, bear the name of the firm through which they are published here, Messrs. J. P. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. We are glad that readers can have the work in this elegant form, and, considering its style and admi-

* By J. P. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

rable illustrations, at a reasonable price. Such a work, the record of the life, and the portraiture of the character, of so great and good a man, deserves the setting forth by all the fitting processes of the printing-office, the paper-maker, and the engraver. We care not how cheaply or meanly the popular literature of the day, so called, appears in garb or material. Most of it is a waste even of the rags and shoddy and second-hand paper of the fabric used in printing it, some of which is picked up in the city gutters. But there is a beautiful consistency between the subject and its presentation, when an English firm takes in hand the biography of a man like Faraday, and presents it, as in Messrs. Lippincott's volumes, with all the chaste and attractive adornments of modern art.

The illustrations in these volumes give us a very life-like engraving from a photograph of Faraday standing and lecturing, holding in his raised hand a heavy bar of glass to illustrate "The Action of Magnetism on Light," and wood-cuts, finely executed, of Clapham-Wood Hall, Faraday's Birth-place as it was, and as it is now; of Jacob's Well Mews, in London, his early home, and of the Bookbinder's Shop in Blanford Street, where he worked as an apprentice; the Laboratory and his Study at the Royal Institution; the Hampden Court House, where, by the favor of the Queen, he passed the last few summers of his life, and where he died; and a sketch of his simple grave-stone in a grassy enclosure in Highgate Cemetery.

There is something touchingly suggestive in that last illustration. Faraday knew that he was entitled to, and that, if he died without having signified his wishes to the contrary, he would receive, the honors of burial and of proud monumental tribute in Westminster Abbey, the palace of the mighty dead. But in the year preceding his own death, on being consulted in reference to some funeral honors to a deceased friend, he replied, in a letter which expressed his own wishes concerning himself, "I have told several what may be my own desire. To have a plain, simple funeral, attended by none but my own relatives, followed by a grave-stone of the

most ordinary kind, in the simplest earthly place." So he sleeps in what is called unconsecrated ground, while the vapors and airs, the light and the magnetic currents of heaven and earth, which he so intently studied and analyzed, play freely about his resting-place.

Faraday's father was a blacksmith, his mother a farmer's daughter. Michael, the third of four children, was born in 1791, in humble life: he died the most eminent scientific man in Great Britain, Aug. 23, 1867, at the age of seventy-six. He was married, but was childless. His opportunity of reading some of the books which he was engaged in binding, and some of the newspapers,—the carrying of which from house to house was one of his early employments for a livelihood,—gave him what are now called his "educational privileges," besides a very scanty schooling. He led a pure and guileless youth, nurtured in simple ways in a most frugal home, and always won friends. His mother, who lived to enjoy in him the virtues of his manhood and his eminent fame, was the object of his own fond love, though she was never able to follow or appreciate the working or the results of his genius.

Faraday, like Sir Humphrey Davy a few years before, was indebted for his early scientific opportunities to that noble establishment in London, "The Royal Institution," founded at the beginning of this century by that remarkable Massachusetts boy, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford.

The mention together of the two names, Sir Humphrey Davy and Michael Faraday, teacher and pupil, companions afterwards, and to some extent rivals, suggests one of those comparative studies of character in which personal traits and qualities stand out, either to diminish or to increase our admiration of the men. Doubtless, as is natural, one gets a more truthful view of the character of Davy from the earlier biography of him by his friend, Dr. Paris, than from the later life by his brother, Dr. John Davy. The vanity, haughtiness, and personal self-seeking of Davy, associated not only with unconciliating manners, but with awkwardness and *gaucherie*, and a jealousy of patrician honors which he found did not

bend before his scientific distinctions, are candidly revealed by his sufficiently eulogistic biographer. These traits of Davy are strikingly in contrast with those of Faraday, who, though having neither by nature or acquisition much of personal grace, was ever courteous, winning, and scrupulously considerate of others. Dr. Paris tells us how, when Davy was admitted by Bonaparte to enter France and reside in Paris at a time when foreigners were jealously excluded, though he was treated with marked politeness by other *savants*, he seemed to take pleasure in absolute discourtesy.

One of the incidental exhibitions of Faraday's own patient suffering under Davy's arrogance, not, however, without an honest and self-respecting manifestation that there was a reasonable limit to his endurance, forms a somewhat ludicrous narration in the volumes before us. Davy had invited Faraday to make a tour with him on the continent, as his companion and assistant in his experiments, no intimation whatever having been given of anything menial in the relation, or even a reference to any distinction from social disparity; for there really was not much, if any of that, between them. Davy professed to have been disappointed in not having secured a valet whom he had engaged. After some show of attempts to supply the deficiency, he concluded to dispense with the services which such a menial might be charged to render. But the event proved that Faraday was to be availed of to perform such offices as could not be dispensed with, the number of which he found was likely to be increased if he was pliant in conforming himself to the situation. He found it necessary to remonstrate. This he succeeded in doing tolerably well with Sir Humphrey, but he met with more difficulty from "Lady" Davy.

After relating to a friend, in a letter, these troubles about the lack of a valet, Faraday says, "I should have but little to complain of were I traveling with Sir Humphrey alone, or were Lady Davy like him; but her temper makes it oftentimes go wrong with me, with herself, and with Sir Humphrey."

Prof. de la Rive, a distinguished scientist in Geneva,

having invited Davy and Faraday to dinner, the former objected to the companionship of the latter on the occasion, because Faraday sometimes acted as his servant. The courteous host therefore found it would be necessary to duplicate his dinner, that he might receive the companions separately. There was one kind of gas which Davy does not appear to have analyzed. It is that which puffs the conceit of an Englishman.

We might hardly succeed in the attempt, even if we might suppose that the readers of these pages would be interested in following it, to give an account of Faraday's industrious and persevering investigations, and of his brilliant success in discovery, during the half century in which, while lodging in the apartments of the Royal Institution, he wrought in its laboratory. He believed in the exercise of the imagination, and the indulgence of the spirit of theorizing, as one of the modes which might be availed of in pursuing the tasks of science. His speculative vision saw — we may state it in his own words: "I had early conceived the opinion, I may even say the conviction, that the different forms under which the forces of matter manifest themselves have a common origin; or, in other words, have so direct a relation towards and dependence upon one another, that they are in some sort convertible among themselves, and possess equivalents of power in their action."

He so far approximated towards the demonstration of this theory that he succeeded in liquifying and even solidifying several gases, among others, carbonic acid.

His investigations therefore led him, in general, to examine the reciprocal relations of heat, light, magnetism, and electricity, — imponderable bodies, so called, — and he thought that he proved them to be different manifestations of one and the same force. He succeeded, after many failures in experiment, in magnetizing and electrifying a ray of light. The most numerous and important of his researches and discoveries were on the subject of electricity, those in chemistry, signal and valuable as they were, being secondary. He was at first a favored pupil of Davy, and, with a fine magnanimity,

he pays a noble tribute to the genius, the attainments, and the services of his early teacher. It is evident, however, that Davy entertained some unworthy jealousy of Faraday, carried, at one time, to the lengths of endeavoring to prevent his election to the Royal Society, though he withdrew his opposition in that quarter. It has come now to be recognized as a fact to be allowed for, as an explanation and a reconciliation of the rival claims on which so many scientific men have been driven into unseemly strifes, that the same truth may present itself, the same phenomena may be observed as an intimation of a progressive theory, and, in fact, the same discovery may be made, contemporaneously, by two or more persons. The present status of a science, the inventory and contents of knowledge upon it,—kept up to the last entry on its records,—are so promptly and widely diffused, that a starting-point, common to all new and progressive students, presents close at hand the next stage of advance, in direction, materials, and methods. If a successful searcher is not swift to avail himself of types, and even of the telegraph, in making known and dating his discovery, he may find himself opposed by a rival claimant for the same honor. Faraday was brought under a painful misunderstanding with Dr. Wollaston, on the charge of having appropriated an unfinished experiment of the latter's, and then having published, without crediting to him his own, an advance which he had made upon it. The frankness, candor, forbearance, and true dignity with which Faraday bore himself under the annoyances to which he was thus subjected, and his generous efforts at explanation and conciliation, are strikingly presented in Dr. Jones' view of the case.

By experimenting upon the passage of various gases through narrow tubes, Faraday learned to distinguish their individual nature and qualities. He described two new compounds of chlorine and carbon. His experiments on the compression of gases obtained from coal, led to those processes which have been so profitably used in many industrial and manufacturing arts, as by the chemist Hofmann, in the production of the aniline colors. His researches upon the

manufacture of steel, for the sake of discovering the best alloys, were very laborious, and, except in a negative point of view, that is, as showing what was not good or practicable, were but slightly rewarded. His aim, most generally, was to direct his efforts practically to the applications of science for the advance of the useful arts. One of the most important of these was the improvement in the manufacture of glass for optical purposes. In these last investigations, undertaken at the request of the Royal Society, he had, as colleagues, Dolland, to work up the glass, and Herschel, to apply the test of experiment. He pursued to the end of his career his researches into the electrical conductivity of bodies, and the differences in that quality where these bodies, like water, are in a liquid or a solidified state. He subjected a great number of compounds to the processes of electro-chemical decomposition. His most important discovery was that of electrical induction. He is credited with a larger number of discoveries, stated with exactitude, and available for progressive and practical service, than any other who has preceded him in his field of science. He personally visited all the most important light-houses of the kingdom, and brought his splendid acquisitions to bear upon the intensity and clearness of those beacons, the prevention of steam and vapor on their glasses, and the ventilation of the structures, chambers, etc., which contained them, and employing the magneto-electric spark for their illumination.

The readers of this Magazine will be peculiarly interested in recognizing the religious character and the avowed and exemplary Christian discipleship of this eminent natural philosopher, this prince and leader in material science. In these restless days of speculation, conceit, and graceless dogmatism, when one class of persons fear, and another class boast, that science and religion are inconsistent and mutually antagonistic guides and resources of men, such a phenomenon as Faraday presented may well engage attention. In one respect, however, he would hardly serve as an ideal, or even as a most favorable specimen, illustrating the harmony between a strong Christian faith and an allegiance

to the scientific spirit. There are other, larger, freer views and tenets and ministrations of religion, quite unlike those which he accepted and shared, which we may think even more accordant than his with the philosophy learned from nature. He was a literalist, though not a formalist. He was an implicit believer, not a rationalistic reconciler of mysteries with known truths. But he stood for and stood by the rightful claims of the religious sentiment as a native and indestructible element of a human being, to be sustained, reinforced, and addressed by a divine and heavenly dispensation of truth and holy influence. He believed in God's power to reveal, and in man's need and ability to receive and appropriate, what came to him by way of the spirit. Faraday recognized no antagonism between the truths and processes of demonstrated science and the sentiments and mysteries of religion. And, what seems to us rather strange in him, he did not care to avail himself of the helps of science, the beautiful and effective aid of its grand truths and analogies, in furnishing illustrations or confirmations of spiritual verities. From the writings of none of his compeers, recording their philosophic methods and their results, could one gather more striking and suggestive lessons to be turned from their teaching about material things to uses of faith and piety, as they guide on our thought and trust to things within the veil. But Faraday, with all his childlike devoutness and implicit confidence in things spiritual, seems to have insisted on assigning to science and religion distinct ranges of apprehension, and materials, processes, and results, for their influence.

He, as well as Davy, may stand before the scientific and the religious world as examples of the perfect accordance between what we call the philosophy of reason and the believing instinct. Davy wrote much about religion, and referred more constantly to its relations with science, by analogy and suggestion, than did Faraday. Davy, however, would not have committed himself, as did Faraday, for a lifelong discipleship and membership to an humble sect of humble ways of fellowship and observance. True, Faraday

was born in such a communion. But had Davy been born in it he would doubtless have left it.

A few extracts will engage interest in these matters. Here is a sentence cast in the mold of what is sometimes called Pantheism, though far from being intended as such.

Sir Humphrey Davy, in a letter to his friend Underwood, written in the summer of 1801, while on a tour to Cornwall, says; "That part of Almighty God which resides in the rocks and woods, in the blue and tranquil sea, in the clouds and sunbeams of the sky, is calling upon thee with a loud voice: religiously obey its commands, and come and worship with me on the ancient altars of Cornwall. We will admire together the wonders of God,—rocks and the sea, dead hills, and living hills covered with verdure. Amen."

Faraday was brought up by his parents in a Sandemanian, or Glafs site congregation, — now an almost extinct sect. The two practical peculiarities of the sect concern admission to church fellowship and the election of elders. Members make a public confession of sin, and of faith in the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. They are put to question by the elders and the brethren at large, to whom they must give full satisfaction. The elders, or teachers, of which there must be at least two in a congregation, are elected by the whole church, the only qualification being earnest and sincere conviction. When he was twenty-nine years old, and a month after his marriage, though without informing his wife of his purpose to do so, Faraday, who had been a regular attendant at the Sandemanian chapel, made his confession of sin and profession of faith. When his wife afterwards asked him why he had not conferred with her, he answered, "That is between me and my God." He said, "When he entered the meeting-house he left his science behind; and he would listen to the prayer and exhortation of the most illiterate brother of his sect with an attention which showed how he loved the word of truth, from whomsoever it came." He was afterwards chosen an elder of the congregation, and for three and a half years, on alternate Sundays, he preached and conducted the worship. We have a specimen given of the method of one

of his sermons, using Scripture for the simple ends of devotion and exhortation. He had done this before, occasionally, as an elder, before doing it regularly.

In a lecture on "Mental Education," delivered in 1854, Faraday said, —

"High as man is placed above the creatures around him, there is a higher and far more exalted position within his view; and the ways are infinite in which he occupies his thoughts about the fears or hopes or expectations of a future life. I believe that the truth of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received through simple belief of the testimony given. Let no one suppose for a moment, that the self-education I am about to recommend in respect of the things of this life, extends to any considerations of the hope set before us, as if man by reasoning could find out God. It would be improper here to enter upon this subject further than to claim an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief. I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations which I think good in respect of high things to the very highest. I am content to bear the reproach; yet, even in earthly matters, I believe that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead;" and I have never seen anything incompatible between those things of man which are within him and those higher things concerning his future which he cannot know by that spirit."

Here is a beautiful and admirable lesson :—

"It is not he who has soared above his fellow-creatures in power, it is not he who can command most readily the pampering couch or the costly luxury; but it is he who has done most good to his fellows, he who has directed them in the doubtful moment, strengthened them in the weak moment, aided them in the moment of necessity, and enlightened them in their ignorance, that leads the ranks of mankind."

The following description of a philosopher is unsurpassed in our literature:—

"The philosopher should be a man willing to listen to every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself. He should not be biased by appearances; have no favorite hypothesis; be of no school; and, in doctrine, have no master. He should not be a respecter of persons, but of things. Truth should be his primary object. If to these qualities be added industry, he may indeed hope to walk within the veil of the temple of nature."

Most of our readers know how the Spiritualists, so called, with their theory of electricity, tried to engage the interest and sympathy, and then the authority of Faraday, in their exhibitions. They know also how the great philosopher condescended to the tests, and what was the result. The following is an extract from a letter of his, in 1853, to his friend Schönhein:—

"I have not been at work, except in turning the tables upon the table-turners, nor should I have done that, but that so many inquiries poured in upon me that I thought it better to stop the inpouring flood by letting all know at once what my views and thoughts were. What a weak, credulous, incredulous, unbelieving, superstitious, bold, frightened—what a ridiculous world ours is, as far as concerns the mind of man. How full of inconsistencies, contradictions, and absurdities it is. I declare, that, taking the average of many minds that have recently come before me (and apart from that Spirit which God has placed in each), and accepting for a moment that average as a standard, I should far prefer the obedience, affections, and instinct of a dog before it. Do not whisper this, however, to others. There is One above who worketh in all things, and who governs even in the midst of that misrule to which the tendencies and powers of men are so easily perverted."

There is something in that last paragraph which reminds us of a pleasantry dropped in a familiar letter by Dr. Franklin, perhaps the most remarkable embodiment of pure common sense known to us.

Franklin wrote, that when he considered and observed what poor use a great many persons made of their *reason*, at the same time that they boasted of it and insisted upon following it, he had often thought that the mass of men would have got along better under the propulsion and guidance of a good, respectable *instinct*.

The following is a part of the close of one of Faraday's Lectures to young persons at Christmas time:—

"Above all, let me warn you young ones of the danger of being led away by the superstitions which at this day of boasted progress are a disgrace to the age, and which afford astonishing proofs of the vast floods of ignorance overflowing and desolating the highest places.

"Educated man, misusing the glorious gift of reason which raises him above the brute, actually lowers himself below the creatures endowed only with instinct; inasmuch as he casts aside the natural sense, which might guide him, and in his credulous folly pretends to dis sever and investigate phenomena which reason would not for a moment allow, and which, in fact, are utterly absurd.

"Let my young hearers mark and remember my words. I desire that they should dwell in their memory as a protest uttered in this Institution against the progress of error. Whatever be the encouragement it may receive elsewhere, may we, at any rate, in this place, raise a bulwark which shall protect the boundaries of truth, and preserve them uninjured during the rapid encroachments of gross ignorance under the mask of scientific knowledge."

The following is Faraday's reply to the "Davenport Brothers," inviting him to one of their charlatan shows:—

"Gentlemen,—I am obliged by your courteous invitation, but, really, I have been so disappointed by the manifestations to which my notice has at different times been called, that I am not encouraged to give any more attention to them; and therefore I leave these to which you refer in the hands of the professors of legerdemain. If spirit communications not utterly worthless, or of any worthy character, should happen to start into activity, I will leave the spirits to find out for

themselves how they can move my attention. I am tired of them."

To one who had frequently importuned him on the same subject, he wrote in a like decisive way, in 1864:—

"Sir,—I beg to acknowledge your letter, but I am weary of the spirits: all hope of any useful result from investigation is gone; but, as some persons still believe in them, and I continually receive letters, I must bring these communications to a close. Whenever the spirits can counteract gravity or originate motion, or supply an action due to natural physical force, or counteract any such action; whenever they can punch or prick me, or affect my sense of feeling, or any other sense, or, working in the light, can show me a hand, either writing or not, or in any way make themselves visibly manifest to me; whenever these things are done, or anything which a conjuror cannot do better; or, rising to higher proofs, whenever the spirits describe their own nature, and, like honest spirits, say what they can do, or pretending, as their supporters do, that they can act on ordinary matter,—whenever they initiate action, and so make *themselves* manifest,—whenever by such like signs they come to me, and ask my attention to them, I will give it. But until some of these things be done I have no time to spare for them, or their believers, or for correspondence about them."

We close our extracts with the following comment of this eminent natural philosopher on the Apostle's teaching, that "spiritual things are spiritually discerned."

"The Christian religion is a revelation. The natural man cannot know it. He, not knowing it, is liable in respect of religion to all the influences before mentioned (unbelief, credulity, conceit, opinionativeness and self-delusion), finds in them snares and delusions, and either becomes an infidel, or is subject to every wind of doctrine. The Christian religion is a revelation, and that revelation is in the Word of God. According to the promise of God, that Word is sent into all the world. Every call and every promise is made freely to every man to whom that Word cometh."

ST. JOHN'S VISION.

REJOICE, O weary soul !
The day will surely rise
When this thy earth new-born shall roll
Through new-created skies.

The veil of oldness then
From human eyes shall fall,
And, dwelling face to face with men,
Shall God be all in all.

The glory of his throne
Shall then make all things new ;
Eternal love shall reign alone,
And heaven be full in view.

The curse shall be no more
Of doubt, distrust, and gloom ;
But on this heaven-illumin'd shore
The flower of hope shall bloom.

The city of our God
Her gates shall open wide,
And through her streets and portals broad
Shall pour a living tide.

There no more night shall be,
And death shall reign no more ;
There shall be no more sea,
No partings on the shore.

But life's pure river there
Shall flow serene and calm,
And freshening all the tranquil air,
The tree of life breathe balm.

God's love shall end all fears ;
From every weeping eye
His hand shall wipe away the tears,
And death itself shall die.

THE VOYAGE.

BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

To him who has never been out of sight of the firm land, never been beyond the familiar horizon of earth and sky, the first feelings are those of mysterious sympathy with a something infinite, boundless, and divine. There is a new perception of life and of freedom. Old limitations disappear; the known and familiar boundaries of land, of hill-top, of field and street have vanished; and instead of the steady, the stable, the defined, there is only an oscillating mass of boards to tread upon, a heaving of water beneath and around, a vast extent of fluctuating vapor above in the air, and an equally fluctuating element to meet and blend throughout the whole circle of which the eye is the centre. All is in motion; and until the body itself is adapted to this motion, accommodated to it, swayed by it, possessed and ruled, as it were, by the surrounding spirit, there is annoyance and discomfort. But the all-accommodating human organism accustoms itself to this also, and, unconsciously yielding, becomes at home even upon the unstable, restless ocean, and finds therein strength and joy.

As in a voyage across the ocean, so in life, there comes the moment when the old, familiar landmarks recede; the light which has shone like a friendly star at the harbor's entrance grows dim in the distance; the line of coast, each rock and point, each inlet and sandy margin of which had been so well known, becomes a mere outline of seeming mist, and then wholly disappears, — the far-off hills, catching the sun's last rays, seem but sinking clouds, and are then lost to the sight. All around seems desolate, a blank waste of sky and ocean. Yet there is the joyous feeling of hope, the summoning together of all the faculties of the soul within, the far-reaching anticipation, the excitement of youth, the strange thrill of self-reliant courage and joyful trust. As the quiet waters within the harbor's friendly, projecting arms are left,

and the broad ocean receives the voyager, its waves swelling around, its wind rushing with a more eager force, he feels the need of solid strength to resist, of unyielding timber and firm bolts of iron ; internal power to urge him forward ; of quickness of eye, correctness of calculation, faithfulness in watching, skill in hand and arm to push onward through the opposing billows, and against the driving wind, towards his expected haven.

Not once only in the first setting out from youth's sheltered bay is there this feeling of being upon the great ocean, far from all that had protected and blessed before ; but often there comes over the heart this sense of loneliness in the midst of life, placed as we are in this universe of worlds, of suns and stars, so vast and incomprehensible, amidst the commotions of life, everywhere waves rising and falling far as the thought can reach behind and before, innumerable beings pressing forward, sweeping by, without rest, without pause, all hurrying, all absorbed in their own thoughts and desires, and all mingling at last in the great deep upon whose surface they foam and glitter for a passing moment. Gone is the childhood's home ; receded in the distance is the loved shelter of the heart's dearest objects of affection ; vanished is that sense of peaceful security with which we gathered about the household fire, and we are tossing, speeding onward with strange faces and forms around, with a stormy sky above, and a weltering waste of rushing billows below. Then man feels his littleness, and bows down in reverent humility and awe. Then he feels how little he knows of the mysterious relations existing between the wonderful elements of heaven above and the depths beneath ; what weakness is his amidst these inconceivable forces of life and death, of change and destruction, of whirlwind and fire. Then he asks what is the meaning of this stir of varied life, this unceasing ebb and flow of the elements, this fleeting of the years and generations of men, this fluctuation of existence, infancy, youth, manhood — all coming and departing, fresh hours of hope, glad eyes and rejoicing hearts, wails of grief, waves of affliction, thoughts of death and the hereafter, when we too shall have sunk beneath

the waters, with no ripple or trace of the spot where they closed over the hand raised in mute appeal to the heavens. Then is born within the soul a higher faith, and a sense of protecting love, all-enfolding, all-encompassing, strengthens the spirit.

As the voyager commits his well-being into other hands, and, without knowledge of where he is, without ability to consult for his own safety, feels that only as he casts off all care upon those to whom he has entrusted himself can he enjoy the present, or be free from tormenting fear; so, speeding forward upon life's sea, we can be at peace only as the soul resigns itself to the higher guidance, and confides in a directing wisdom and a protecting love. Like a dream it sometimes seems, to be thus sailing, on, on, parted from the friendly home, with no help beyond the little sphere around, the elements around, below, above, within, waiting, as it were, for the signal to rush forward and destroy. The wind raves and howls in ever-returning gusts; the waters leap, mounting upwards, and gather themselves in a whelming, crushing force against the trembling speck upon their surface; the fire rushes in quick sparks upward in the air, while the long train of smoke seems a mourning banner in the sky. Then, as anxious care is driven away, there is an exultant joy, as we feel in the first plunge into life, when foes are there only to be conquered, difficulties only to awaken fresh courage and test the internal strength, dangers only to excite and nerve with greater power, fears only to be supplanted by a renewed and a renewing hope.

There is in the ocean, as in life itself, an element of the mysterious, which gives to it a character of sublimity. Its heaving bosom, as if expressing the pulsations of the swinging globe, the greater part of whose surface it covers; its unfathomed depths; its huge inhabitants; its infinity too of minutest animal life, causing it to sparkle like fire, to gleam as with innumerable precious stones, and to build up vast continents; its currents so beneficent and varied in their course and influence; its quick responses to the air above, to the coloring of the heavens, to cloud and sun and moon and star; its minis-

trations to man's needs and well-being ; its very saltness, so simple, yet so unexplainable ; its never-failing supply of moisture for hill and valley ; its various offices in the great economy of nature's benefit, but a small part of which science has as yet unfolded, — all tend to invest the sea with a mystery and a charm that no set words can describe.

How wonderful, too, has been its influence upon character and the development of man's social and political history ! Fleets may have swept over it, leaving no lasting track behind, but they have plowed deep lines upon man's social development and destiny. What thoughts have been excited, what deeds done of daring, patience, and love ! It has incorporated itself into the very soul of humanity, a thing of beauty, power, dread, and unspeakable mystery. It is a sublime thought that man directs his course through its pathless wastes by no track cut out upon its surface, by no road marked out by human skill, by no traces which the eye can see and the feet can tread in, but by the heavens above. Through all the darkness and tempest, through opposing air and beating surge, day after day, in fearless, steady progress, the star-steered ship, as if pervaded by a living mind and will, moves on ; and behold, at the promised hour, yonder seeming cloud upon the horizon's verge greets the straining eyes of the voyager, and shows itself soon to be the looked-for land ! Only thus, by sailing on, on, hour after hour and day after day coming with their routine of sleep and talk and play and expectant hope and awakened interests, each added day, too, adding to the weary miles that separate the voyager from his home, or lessening the distance that spreads out so depressingly before him, — only thus can we begin to realize the vast expanse of the sea. For the ocean which we cross in going to the European world is but a small part of the sea's great surface.

And in harmony with this sublimity of the sea, and the mode by which man directs his course through its depths, is the vessel itself which conveys him, seemingly so small and so insignificant when considered in direct relation to the vast forces of the elements, yet so great by the internal power of

movement, and the mind and will embodied in its direction and its make.

In describing the self-impelled ship of the Pheacians, Homer says that it —

“The aim and purpose of its owner knows,
And, self-moved, to all parts and havens goes ;
Nor rowed, nor tacked, as arrow to its mark,
Covered with cloud and vapor.”

So does the steamship obey as if it knew its owner's purpose. The vapor encompasses it ; it consults not the winds or currents, but, moved by a force within itself, goes to the appointed port. Neither fog, tempest, calm, nor wave turns it from its course. Men's straining sinews do not labor at the oar, nor need the impatient voyager offer prayers to the fickle, changing winds. Onward he goes, moving straight forward to his haven. What better emblem could we have than this of a human life, that of a man self-poised, with a high purpose and definite mark before him, with internal strength, with eye of faith fixed upon the unseen glories of the spiritual sphere, regardless of the winds of fortune and the tempest that rages in the atmosphere around ! He still presses onwards though the storm of persecution resist, or the calm of prosperity spread around him its deceitful allurements, or the currents of adverse fate seek to drift him from its course ; the ever-fed flame of love and duty burns brightly in his heart, and gives him motive force ; the eye is fixed steadily upon the trembling needle that points to the polar star above, and the whole man is balanced, alive, independent of surrounding variations of good or ill.

There are times, too, when he can avail himself of the favoring winds. Then he spreads out the canvas which before was furled so snugly to the yards, and rejoicingly he welcomes the pursuing breeze. Thus it would seem that in the steam-ship, the most wonderful product of modern science and art, furnished as it is with a heart of fire, with hands of iron, with light wings for the air, we have the most worthy symbol of useful and majestic human power. It floats

in the surrounding element like a thing of life ; it demands the knowledge and employment of the most varied scientific rules, and embodies in one beautiful form the greatest diversity of materials and of skill. For it the astronomer watches the stars, and the arithmetician pores over his figures ; for it the plants of the earth grow, the mines yield up their ore, and the forests their monarchs, rooted in the soil for centuries ; for it the laws of earth and air and water are studied, and in it are combined in one the most varied elements of natural and human productions of strength, beauty, and use.

While it thus embodies the most varied attainments of man's practical skill, it may well be to us a symbol of a higher life than that furnished by the ship with sails. I remember one beautiful summer evening, in the glowing light of the setting sun, when the waves were unruffled by the faintest breeze, — though the long swelling seas of a previous storm caused the steam-ship to roll, now low down upon one side, and now upon the other, so that no one could stand up without clinging to some support, — we passed near a sailing vessel, whose outspread canvas wooed in vain the peaceful air. She lay there helpless ; now in the trough of the sea, and now heaved upon the waves' smooth summit, her tall masts reeling from side to side, and her sails flapping idly against the creaking spars. Whether she was bound like us, to the westward, or wished to hold on the eastern course, we could not tell. Her helm was useless, her yards spread out, as if they were arms, imploringly, but in vain. Soon to the swiftly passing steamship she was but a speck in the horizon, and then could be discerned no longer ; but as long as the eye could see, there she was, an unmanageable thing upon that calm, rolling, pitiless sea. And the steam-ship held, swiftly going and self-impelled, her appointed way.

What an illustration was this tossed, but unadvancing vessel, of the motionless, undetermined life, the life dependent wholly upon external influences and breezes from without ! Let the fresh hopes of youth depart, let worldly motives be lulled for a moment, let the temporary desires cease to urge along, and to no purpose are helm and sail. But with a source of energetic life ever springing up within, there is no

pause, no idle, objectless delay. So too, when nearing home with straight and rapid course, yet even thus too slow for the forward, leaping heart, many noble ships crossed and recrossed our track, bound for the same haven. But in the seaward blowing gale, they were, with shortened sail, compelled to swerve now this way and now that from the almost arrow-straight line in which the steamer flew along to her appointed haven.

There is thus a noble sublimity in the steam-ship, as well as in the element through which she urges on her way. It was the midnight of a tempestuous day, on the outer voyage, when the wind had been directly ahead, about half way across the ocean, that I went upon the promenade deck. The passengers had all gone below, and the sailors were just making sail to catch the breeze, which had now become fair, though still driving with stormful violence. The boatswain's whistle mingled with the wailing wind, and the seamen's song rose above all, like a strange music in the darkness and the storm. The orders through the speaking-trumpet were sharp and loud, a voice of command, each uttered word quick, straight, as the shot to its mark. A dark border of cloud lay upon the northern sky, and above it a rim of boreal light, imparting to the sea and the whole firmament a weird, mysterious glimmering. As the ship cut her way through the dense mass of blackness, the gloomy mass, rushing, swelling over the bows and along the deck, became molten silver, in which she seemed for an instant buried; then rising up with graceful bend, and shaking off the engulfing wave, she left a long, broad wake of sparkling fire. Each crested wave around, as it curled and broke into spray, seemed crowned with a frontlet of shining light. The vaporous scud flew along in fitful gusts through the air, and sometimes obscured the beaming stars. As from that tossing deck I looked up between those sails and masts, and caught the gleaming of those mysterious orbs, the triumphantly moving work of puny man in the midst of nature's vastness, in the midst of her sublimest sights, seemed to me worthy of the magnificent ocean through which she sped along so victoriously, so swiftly, yet not without such yielding motion as should secure her safety

in the struggle. From the shaking, rolling, and pitching deck I went down into the engine-room, where in the centre of the ship there was little motion to be perceived. There all the machinery was moving smoothly, steadily, regularly, as the pulsations of the peaceful human heart. The howl of the tempest, the dashing of the wave, the shout of the mariner, was there unheard. It was the image of a love-inspired, duty-loving soul at peace with itself, and doing its own appointed work, like him who spake of "the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keeping the heart."

And as this infinitesimal speck of matter, so cunningly contrived, so serenely impelled through the sea, a mere dancing mote upon the billow, seemed in harmony with nature's grandest manifestations, seemed even conqueror over nature's violence and power, so does man's life, as he obeys the eternal laws of justice and of truth, seem greater than all external things. Through the divine within him he becomes acquainted with and interprets the divine without. The beauty and strength of the elements are but the external images of a spiritual loveliness and power, which may be the heritage of the human spirit when it lays firm hold upon the eternal life.

But a voyage, like life itself, while it has thus its rare moments of ineffable beauty and impressiveness, when the soul is thrilled by an unwonted touch of mystery and power, has its many hours of weariness, annoyance, petty troubles and trials, which rust sometimes the noblest metal, and eat out the heart's purest joys. There are times when there seems to be no place for the sole of the foot to rest upon with comfort,—the deck washed by the sea and pelted by the rain, the saloon an eating-house, the cabin "cribbed, confined," a hospital, unwholesome and impure. Life has its prose as well as its poetry; prose which no sentiment seems powerful enough to enliven, no charm able to impart interest to its heavily-laden, dreary waste of meaningless words. There are times when one cannot sleep or eat or walk or read or play; when existence is a dull monotone, a misery which is to be endured, a simple burden to which time only can bring relief. A man lives, he knows not why or how. He continues breathing, and that is all.

But such experiences are perhaps needed to break up the very routine of life, and heighten, by contrast, the real and abiding goods. The whole tone of thought is changed, the body awakes from its lethargy, and enters with a fresh zest into the enjoyment of the sunlight and of the warm, cheering day. The balmy air seems laden with a new blessing, the horizon has a new glory, and the changing surface of the ocean glitters with a brightened smile. Such a time must be remembered by many voyagers, when, after eight days of rough and wintry weather, though the season was midsummer, they all rejoiced in the stillness and grateful warmth and splendor of a fine summer day. The air was an exhilaration, enlivening the whole body and spirit, and the ocean smooth as a mountain-encircled lake. The company wore cheerful and happy countenances, and the children, merry and joyous, danced and frolicked in the sunshine. The infants in that strange nursery looked like happy flowers in the spring time, and seemed, in their unconscious innocence, the bonds and pledges of our safety. The sick dwellers in the cells below all crept up from their purgatorial beds, and wan smiles flitted over their pallid faces. The fogs of the Grand Bank had been left behind, and in the early morning of the day before loud huzzas had announced the sight of land. Vessels of every rig and size, under full sail, were seen, now near, now far off in the horizon. It was a blessed change from the cold, sunless, stormy sky, from the rolling and pitching deck, from the dashing spray and the cutting wind, from the gloomy faces and the dull, lifeless expression of listless countenances, to that atmosphere of exhilarating, joyous life in the open air.

The sunset behind the sparkling western wave was a glorious sight: the sky was there suffused with a golden hue, and rested upon the line of sea which it gilded with its own bright lineaments; the floating clouds, like crimson drapery, folded and interweaved themselves in numberless, beautiful changes of hue and form, and faded by degrees away, dissolving like some gorgeous pageant disappearing in the distant air, and leaving the spectator still gazing, as one still listens when the

last strain of fine music has died away. Soon the full moon shone upon the gently rippling sea, flooding it with silver radiance, and lining one hovering cloud above with such a lustrous beauty that the eye was dazzled by its shining fringe. It was a scene all saturated with ineffable beauty, — the moon, lingering as it were, resting upon the sea, the line of silver light upon the dark cloud above, and the wide river of glory upon the water, the twilight fading in the west, the soft deep blue of the firmament above, with one bright star looking forth into the mirror of the ocean, as the pure eye of love into some loving countenance.

As the evening wore away, a crowd of merry dancers on the deck made the whole seem like some unreal dream of festive mirth. Then, in strange contrast, perhaps suggested because of its very contrast, came over the heart a thrill of anxious fear, which the swelling sea and the stormy wind had failed to awaken. So in life. A deep thinker has said, "He feared to think how glad he was, glad even to the brink of fear." In the time of man's prosperity, when all his loved ones are around him, when his cup is full, when in the summer noon the stillness seems to fill the air, and not a leaf stirs in the forest, then comes the thought of change, of the thunderbolt and the storm. So as the sounds of joyful merriment sounded forth in the calm, pure night, I thought of that volcano over which we lived in careless, heedless joy. A moment, and how might all be changed! Wonderful fact of our mysterious life, bordering, as it does, each moment, upon death, and destined at last to be inevitably swallowed up therein. Our home is in the sphere of goodness, beauty, and truth alone. Through calm and through stormy seas, with wonders and mysteries around and within us, we leave the shore of the home that has built up itself in our affection; for the immortal soul is born that it may discover the hidden secrets of life even through death; that, enlarging its experience, strengthening its powers, and filling out its aspirations, it may return to its true home, where all fears shall be removed, all doubts dispelled, and all fruition given to faith and hope and love.

LIFE IN CUBA.

KINDNESS OF THE CUBANS.

THERE is no doubt that, with a liberal government, the Cubans would become a superior people. Education with them is a primary object. They expend a great deal on this, teachers being exorbitantly paid when they are known to be efficient. The children are certainly much spoiled, as in all countries where they have slave nurses and parents do not possess the energy requisite to control them. Thus the teacher has to do everything. When brought under the proper *régime*, I believe none are more easily governed, for naturally they have great goodness of heart, and are affectionate and generous. Of all people whom I have known, in various parts of the world, the Cubans are the most grateful, never forgetting a kindness. They are in friendship the most sincere; and when once a Cuban professes to be your friend, no change of circumstance changes his feeling. They are very reserved in their intercourse with strangers, living within their own family circle, and seeming to fear the outside world. This could not be otherwise, owing to the despotism of the Spaniard, in that island. As they will not associate in any way with their oppressors, they naturally must live within a small circle.

THEIR HOSPITALITY.

Americans they love to know, and when they do happen to meet such, are delighted to show every attention and do them any service. I have known some coming from the North, who, having made acquaintance with these people, and been invited to come and stay with them, have remained years, and returned when they pleased to the island, going immediately to their Cuban home without the least ceremony.

With their great wealth, and easy mode of life, a guest more or less is not felt; but what is notable in this is the

exceeding good nature and amiability of these people. Often for years having a visitor who is really disagreeable, yet their great charity suffers his continual presence. This has struck me as a peculiar trait of this people, as also the harmony which prevails among them in domestic life, and with their neighbors as well. They will bear everything sooner than give offense or hurt the feelings of another.

THEIR EXTRAVAGANT HABITS.

It is said by the Spaniards of them, that "*los Cubanos van respirando oro.*" True it is that all with them is gold, from the rich soil of their plantations; but I do not think that they are as avaricious as most of their neighbors. If they have abundance of the precious metal, they spend it bountifully, not counting by the dollar, but by the ounce, which is valued at nineteen dollars. They spend the greatest amount with the least comfort or enjoyment for their money of any people on the globe. The habits and customs of these people are most extravagant. The lady of the house gives her cook or butler an ounce to provide dinner. He gives what he considers proper, probably not spending the half of the ounce, but no inquiry or reckoning is made as to needful expense. There are a great number of servants kept, — half the number would do much better if well employed, but there must be one for every separate duty. A friend of mine was saying to me she would like to have fewer of them, for she saw they had nothing to do. She said there were many little things for herself which she would enjoy being able to do, but, as it was not the custom, she would not dare to wait on herself, as the servants would make remarks. I cannot but pity ladies who are such slaves to custom, but independence of thought or action is unknown where the system of slavery exists.

THEIR SLAVES.

The servants seem a great deal more independent than their masters, doing generally much as they please.

There is universal license everywhere for the use of tobacco, all the negroes and servants smoking: and, to one unaccustomed to the fumes of this pestiferous weed, it is a source of great annoyance to be at all hours and everywhere fumigated by the worst sort of the weed; for the blacks relish it only as it is strongest. When I go to bed at night I am often kept awake, my nerves in a fever from the odor. In the early morning the first waking is from the incense offered up of this weed. All the servant women smoke; and, as they are indispensable in the ladies' rooms and for the children, tobacco is the perfume most in vogue. This is what I find most unpleasant in Cuba.

The fine *segar* used by the gentlemen is rather pleasant in a ventilated room; but the license given to servants to smoke, in and about their master's house, belongs to the barbarous ages, such as the Vikings and their ladies might have submitted to, not to a civilized people of the nineteenth century. Habit becomes a second nature: therefore these ladies, who are refined in every other sense, do not seem to suffer from the odor of tobacco; and being accustomed, as well, from infancy, to the odor of the African, do not perceive what to a northern woman is insufferable. Some families, who have lived abroad, take in preference white nurses and maids. Many would prefer such, but their black servants become envious and do all they can to annoy the white. Indeed, when these blacks dislike any one, they are not scrupulous in resorting to poison, and many die from this in Cuba. They have secret African poisons, taken from plants, and it is a common occurrence to hear of whole families being poisoned.

Most families who can afford it prefer to hire servants, or give the slaves freedom and then hire them.

THE COUNTRY SLAVES.

The slaves in the country, distant from the cities, are a moral, good people. Honesty with them is a first principle. One may leave everything open, and, though opportunity offers, be sure nothing would be missing. I once asked one

of these blacks whom we hired, how it was they were so particular to return what they found, and never stole anything. He answered, "Because, should we take anything not our own, my good senora is answerable for our conduct; and we would not bring discredit on her, even were we so bad as to wish to steal."

THE NEGROES OF HAVANA.

The master is responsible for the slave's conduct in the country. But the negro race in Havana and vicinity are a vitiated class, given to drinking and gambling. The passion for gambling among the lower class is here as in Mexico. The free negroes get a good deal of money and spend it in gambling. Like all of that race improvident, they are frequently reduced to a state of want and misery which the slaves never suffer.

THE SPANISH TYRANNY.

To-day [June 29] is the *fiesta* of San Pablo and San Pedro, and feasting is the order of the day. There is a large party assembled at dinner, and conversation turns on the preparations by government in the island against an invasion of the Peruvians and Chilians which is expected. Fortifications are going up at all available points. The children of the soil would gladly hail these South Americans to deliver them from Spain, though they know that in the event of such a change their slaves must be freed. In fact, the Cubans desire an end to slave labor, and to have white emigration instead to cultivate the soil. But the Spanish government, and the present Captain General, Lersundi, intend reviving the slave trade. The governor is giving every encouragement to it, and many vessels are now fitting out in this island for this traffic. No faith whatever can be placed in a Spaniard's assurances; for while this man has sent to Washington to promise he will use every effort for suppression of this trade, it is well known here he is doing just the contrary. This is exactly like all Spanish promises and bravados. One

should believe exactly the contrary of what they profess. I hear from the most authentic sources of the renewal of the slave trade, — this from individuals holding the largest landed interest in the island. It is not to be doubted, as it is for their interest, as also for the interest of the government, to have more laborers. The island is but thinly settled. Immense tracts of the richest lands lie uncultivated. The taxes on produce are a large item in the revenues collected by government. This tax is enormous, yet the crops are so fruitful that this does not seem to be felt; and, as long as slave labor exists, the island is inexhaustably rich.

The Spaniard only comes to Cuba to make his fortune, and with every new ruler comes a host of his satellites. These must all have plantations and slaves to work them.

THE CHINESE.

The Chinese prove very industrious, and are excellent artisans; but they are treacherous, given to assassination and suicide, a common occurrence among them. When a crime is committed, the guilty one manages to implicate a number of his compatriots, hoping to ameliorate his own punishment by accusing the innocent. The law takes hold of as many as are accused; thus the master may lose a score or more of his workmen, when he knows himself but one is guilty. The courts here are very slow in judging a case, and keep these men often imprisoned a year or more before brought to trial. Of these many die in prison before the case is judged and the innocent released. What is more, a bill is sent to the master for prison expenses, which he has to pay.

INSECURITY OF LIFE.

It is usual, with the Spaniard, to conceal crime when possible, the master himself punishing as he judges right. But in cases of robbery or murder in their cities, in vain does the victim cry aloud for help when attacked. If the citizens see or hear such appeals, they only close up the doors and windows more securely, for fear of being brought to the tribunal

as witnesses. It seems, also, they fear the revenge which may be taken on them by the friends of the banditti, or perhaps by the robber himself, or they may be implicated in a tedious course of Spanish law.

However it may be, people are robbed and assassinated in open day in the streets of Havana; and even in thoroughfares thickly populated, none will come to give aid. All run away at the cry of "help." Few people ever walk in Havana; cab hire is cheap, and it being usually warm, everybody rides, if only the distance of a few squares. All female servants and slaves take a volante to go their errands.

It is unsafe to go on foot in many streets. There is one spot in the Campo Marte, where is a grove of palms and a fountain, called "*la fuente del India*," which is the scene of many an assassination. It being on the way from the old city to the Tacon Opera House on the Prado, which is the best part of Havana and a fashionable promenade, one is tempted on fine nights to walk out that way and enjoy the music which plays in the public gardens there. Prudent people always ride past that fountain, and I advise strangers to do so.

CUBAN CULINARY DEPARTMENT.

I must say something of the many good things we have here. Of course the cuisine is Spanish improved by native dishes. Garlic and onions, with some very disagreeable spice, are used on most tables. Some very nice dishes, however, are made here,—omelette especially good; but the poultry is badly cooked, and roast beef unknown. What they call beef-steak is beef cut in small pieces stewed in lard.

Dulces, or the dessert, is the principal and best part of the repast, when they eat a great variety of cakes, preserves, and some fruit, though the hour for eating fruit is at one o'clock P. M., at luncheon, when there is a great variety. I find here some of the same fruits as in the small islands, some not so fine, others more so. The pine-apple is particularly fine in Havana. We have over a dozen sorts of fruits in season at a time. The pine-apple is best in July and August, and the orange in the winter months. We have the mango guava,

bomba, breadfruit, various sorts of plums, and seaside grapes and bellapple; avocados and plantains are used more as a vegetable. The cocoanut and tamarind in hot weather, as refreshing drinks, keep away fevers. Here they make a *pasta* of tamarind which is delicious, not used in the other isles. It would seem the taste for sweet things is natural to the West Indian, for on all occasions they are enjoying dulces. They make preserves of every imaginable edible, even using eggs, preserved in various forms, which, on first tasting, I found insipid, but learned to like. The sweet potato makes a favorite preserve, as also milk boiled up with sugar into a marmalade, which I found horrible, but got fond of.

THE BEAUTIFUL CLIMATE.

August 5th. Though in the *carnicula*, we have continued pleasant weather, rarely any oppressive heat. Before a shower it may be sultry for an hour or two, but after, again delightful. To-day we have a breeze as fresh as at sea; and as we sit in the corridor or veranda, with the awnings down to keep out too strong light, the gentlemen, with their hammocks swung, enjoy a fragrant Havana, and I remarked one might fancy we were at sea in a fine, large ship.

The atmosphere this morning is so soft and transparent, I felt that the mere sense of life in such a clime was enjoyment. How happy could people pass life with those they loved in such a clime! Though I am alone, I rarely know a sad moment. The climate cures all sadness, and I think there is more real enjoyment among these people than with the northern race. There is not that care for the morrow, and a perfect contentment, which, after all, may be more enviable than the greater activity and intelligence of the North. There is less ambition for display, and millionaires live as simply and quietly as if they were not rich. All take life easy, master and servant enjoying all they can.

CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION.

The administrator of the capital has been replaced by another, which is a pleasant change; for the slaves who were

in irons belonged to him and have been removed, so we see no more of punishment. I learn they were new arrivals from Congo, longing for their free life, could not be made to work, and tried to run away. The African who comes fresh is much stronger and of finer proportions than the creole negro; the Cuban negro is stronger and healthier than those in the smaller West India isles. The immense amount of tobacco they consume does not seem to affect them at all. It has not the bad effect here as in other climes.

HABITS OF LIVING.

I have seen persons of a very great age who subsist almost entirely on strong coffee and tobacco. One cup of coffee, as strong as taken here, half a dozen times a day, would, in the region of "east winds," quite destroy the organization of a strong man. Yet the weakest and oldest take it here with impunity, and appear to enjoy good health.

Much wine or strong drink does not suit this clime, and Cubans are a most temperate people in this. Neither do they keep late hours, and are careful as to their diet, never taking what they know may harm them. The thermometer ranges in this country-seat, in these hot months, between seventy-six and eighty-six degrees in the shade; while in the city, only distant fifteen miles, the heat is fearful. I could wish to live forever here, as far as nature and climate are concerned; but the barbarous custom of the people, in their use of tobacco, renders even the sweet air of the country pestiferous to me. The numerous train of domestics having their sleeping rooms around us, and a part of the veranda for their special use, and all smoking, one finds it impossible to discover a retreat, unless by a ride on horseback away from human kind. At meals, with several of them waiting on the table, I often lose my appetite and wish heartily I were in New England, where one can dispense with so much table service. With the Creole habit one must never help one's self. I alone, here, am independent enough to dress myself. I cannot conceive how a lady of delicacy can bear the close proximity of these blacks.

R. K.

THE SILENT PRAYER.

EIGHTEEN years have flitted o'er us
Since that coldest winter day
When we laid our little May-flower
Underneath the frozen clay.

Storms were lowering in the welkin,
And the gray clouds thicker grew,
And the pine-trees stood as mourners,
Which the winds were sobbing through.

And that night we gathered closer
When we heard the east wind blow ;
Thought how cold it must be yonder,
Sleeping out beneath the snow.

Friends came in, and closed around us,
Stood between us and the storm ;
And we wept, and leaned against them,
Felt their great hearts beating warm.

Words, — how vain ! but words they spake not ;
Yet their thoughts, as we might hear,
Rose on prayer-wings, rustling upward,
Upward to our Father dear.

Oh, what sound there is in silence !
Solemn as the toll of bells, —
Tolling through the heart forever,
Tolling through its empty cells :

Silence over all the play-ground,
Hushing childhood's merry glee ;
Silence in the darkened chamber,
Where its music warbled free ;

Silence in the church-yard yonder ;
Silence round the empty chair :
But the silence speaketh never
Like the silence of that prayer.

For we felt it chiming past us, —
All its ritual was a tear ;
Felt the answer surely coming :
Where love is, the Lord is near.

When some truce from wasting sorrow
In the arms of sleep we found,
Dreaming dreams of little coffins,
And a pale face under ground, —

Came a glory down the welkin,
Cleaving darkness like a wedge :
As a sculptor clips the marble,
Cutting clean along the edge,

So it cut the massive darkness,
Till it touched the mound below,
Where our little May lay sleeping
Underneath the winter snow.

And the glory tipped the pine-trees ;
And I heard the southern breeze
Touch them soft, as any fingers
Ever touched the organ-keys.

And the murmur of the pine-trees
To my thought this music made :
"There is spring, without the winter,
Where the May-flowers never fade."

Eighteen years have wrought their changes
Since that night of wintry storm,
When those great hearts leaned against us,
And we heard their beating warm, —

Since their silent prayer went upward
To the cold grey arch above,
Where the shaft of light came through it
From the Father's face of love.

But the answer soundeth ever,
O'er the graves beneath the snow :
"THERE IS SPRING WITHOUT THE WINTER,
WHERE THE MAY-FLOWERS ALWAYS BLOW."

THE MONTH.

AS DIFFERENT CHURCHES ARE MOVING ON CONVERGING LINES, THE DISTANCE ACROSS FROM ONE TO ANOTHER BECOMES EVERY DAY SHORTER. — "THE SITUATION."

THE BLACK MAN. One of the most extraordinary single results of our great civil revolution was seen when the Hon. Hiram R. Revels, a black man from the State of Mississippi, took his seat in the Senate of the United States in the place of Jefferson Davis, the chief fomenter and arch conspirator of the rebellion. Senator Wilson, writing to the "Congregationalist" on the event which his own efforts had so largely contributed to bring to pass, describes the spectacle as one of "impressive and inspiring sublimity, when, in the hush of that crowded presence, after the exciting three days' debate, in which had been spoken the bitterest words of scorn and hate by the still remaining defenders of the dead demon, the representatives of the two races stood face to face, in the persons of the senator elect and of the second officer of the government, the one to administer, and the other to receive the oath of office. It needed no accessories to render it in the highest degree dramatic, a scene for the painter not to be forgotten." Scarcely less striking must have been the spectacle when this senator rose in his seat to perform his first official duty, that duty being the presentation of a resolution of the Legislature of his state, asking that all political disabilities might be removed from those who had participated in the rebellion, and that the honorable senator should be requested to lay it before Congress! Never were the Psalmist's words, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes," more pertinent to any event since the world began. And now, following on the heels of the entrance of Mr. Revels into the Senate, comes the announcement that Gen. Butler has appointed to the cadetship at West Point a young man, named CHARLES SUMNER WILSON, of Salem, whom the "Salem Gazette" thus describes: "Young Wilson, we under-

stand, is of nearly pure African descent ; has passed through our English grammar schools, and at the last autumn term entered the high school, where he has sustained himself creditably."

These instances of the elevation of colored citizens to important positions in the state give a fine poetic point to our American doctrine of *the equality of all men before the law*. It must have afforded not a little satisfaction to the senator from Pennsylvania, when he saw his prediction, uttered in the face of Jefferson Davis as he was entering on his perilous and diabolical adventure, so to the letter fulfilled, — that "*the first gun against the Union would destroy slavery, and that Mississippi herself would send a black man to the United States Senate.*"

— AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT OF THE CONGREGATIONALISTS (Orthodox.) Pursuant to letters missive from the "Church of the Pilgrimage" in Plymouth, a preliminary convention was held in the city of New York, on the second of March, to institute measures for a grand jubilee, commemorative of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. The Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., was chosen moderator. The proceedings were entirely harmonious and full of interest. The following resolution was unanimously adopted :—

"*Resolved*, That there ought to be a religious commemoration by the Congregational churches of America of this two hundred and fiftieth year since the landing of the Pilgrims and the transplanting to the New World of the principles and methods of primitive Christianity."

It was further resolved that it be recommended, that, on some Sunday during the month of May, every Congregational minister "set forth from his pulpit our obligations to the Pilgrim Fathers, the influence of their faith and polity upon the character of the nation," etc ; also, that "a special jubilee offering be made in every congregation, with the endeavor to reach every member of every household, and that methods be devised for interesting the children in the mem-

ory of the Pilgrims ;" also, that a united effort be made "to raise during the year a sum of not less than THREE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, with the understanding that each donor have the liberty to designate the direction which his gift shall take."

The idea is noble. We cannot but applaud both the reverential purpose and the keen policy of those who originated it. We are glad to see that the Congregationalists, notwithstanding they have been frequently admonished that they ought to be making ready their shroud, do not propose to give up the ghost this present year! We cordially wish them abundant success in their pious undertaking. At the same time, we see not why *all* congregational, and other churches, revering the principles and spirit of the Plymouth Forefathers, should not be invited to join in this jubilee, making it less sectarian and more catholic than is proposed. Congregationalists are not the exclusive inheritors either of the doctrines or of the polity of the Pilgrims. There are thousands belonging to other ecclesiastical bodies whose Pilgrim blood is their proudest boast, and whose veneration for the godly character and providential work of that peerless "band of exiles," who "transplanted to the New World the principles and methods of primitive Christianity," is exceeded by no others. By what law of faith, of fellowship, or of liberty, are these excluded?

— "BIBLIOPHOBIA." We have seen nothing more spicy and forcible on the Bible-in-school discussion than a short article with this heading in the "Independent," from the pen of the Rev. William A. Bartlett. Our readers will be interested in the following paragraphs:—

"As a start in our positive faith, we say, take the Bible. Take it for no fictitious thing, not estimated at its eulogy, but as it has been tested and proven. It is certainly the foremost book of Christendom. It holds great, noble truth for all men. Let it be set first — not ribboned and gilt-covered with a doctrine, but plain Bible — for its value as history, as poetry, as moral and religious teacher.

"From the discussion of the Bible in the schools I see

there is danger of compromise. The danger, too, is, I think, from the side of partisanism and bigotry. Are we not gravely told, and that too with a finality sweep, that, of course, no Protestant would submit to the reading of the 'Douay' Bible in schools? So, then, my good brother, you do not care so much about the Bible, after all. It is only the version of it. One sectarist, looking upon the Bible as a private member of his church, magnanimously says, 'Yes, take it out of schools, for it *does* teach my ism. I will not have your version of it; for it does *not* teach my ism, but yours.' So the squabble is for a version, not for the Bible. Neither wants simply the eternal truths of it, but the doctored sentiments for a sect end. The Douay version is not much faultier than King James's. One leans towards Episcopacy about as much as the other leans to Papacy. There are some omissions, some additions, some false translations in both. Both might be improved in this regard.

"But why throw away the only unsectarian book ever published, which all sects claim from Mohammedanism to Spiritualism?"

"The Bible was not composed or compiled for a church, but for mankind. If the Bible be, on the whole, the best book, so voted by the intelligent world's majority, why not place it in every first place in the nation,—a head-light on the locomotive of education? If it had a sectarian bias, it would have made us all Romanists or Episcopalians long ago. For all the world knows that the first five translators of it into English were Romanists, and that their versions form the body of King James's edition. It is gravely doubted whether more than two of the king's *literati* were sufficiently conversant with Hebrew to translate intelligently; and one of these died early in the work, and the other was expelled from counsel. And with all this advantage, we hear no complaint that the little pinch of Scripture flung over the school-day's duties has biased the children to the papacy or prelacy. No ordinary disguise will hide a truth of Scripture. A church must make a thorough masquerade, a carnival day, and have done with it, in which the disguise is carried even to the gait

and voice, to make a Bible utterance sectarian; and then it fails to be Bible at all. It is a church out-harlequining in a creed.

"The grand fallacy in all this discussion is in suspecting the Bible of a sectarian bias, in regarding it as made for a church."

"The entire gate of the discussion swings on this little hinge. It is just pre-eminently the only one unsectarian book, and so accredited, which has ever been written on vital things. Our spelling-books, geographies, histories, are more so by far. A man who has never seen in the Bible more than the little creed he took to it for verification, of course, regards it as raw material for his blue book. You are aware that Prussian blue is concocted from hoofs and horns. Now, probably, these suggestive extremities do not furnish the coloring matter for the churches' complexion; and yet the shade is too dark for sky-blue. . . . There is no cry coming up from Bible-haters, from infidels so called. They have not said, 'We prefer for our children bread to stone, and serpent to fish.' They will take it in their own way; acknowledge it harmless, at least, and helpful for some things. The only complaint comes from professed lovers of it, possessed not by the angel, but by the devil of liberality. The Romanist is fairly met when you say, 'Yes, any version.' If the 'Douay' be more papal than the 'King James,' we fear it not, so long as the great body of truth be there. We yield any such little advantage rather than suffer the disaster to modern intelligence of taking the best book from the schools, where little men are inspired to make books, and all the future's literature is in seed. Let it teach economy, industry, temperance, morality, faith. It is better statesmanship than prison building and almshouse building, and police drilling. He that has formerly read has run and carried it everywhere; and now he that runs may read. Fair knowledge of Scripture may be had to-day from periodicals and books and laws and advertisements. Just as there is a prospect of its becoming the textbook of the universal religion, the fullest statement of the truth the Oriental religions have hinted at, hence best inter-

preter of man to himself and God to man,—just as all heathen governments begin to regard it as the means of our superiority,—it were cruel to dethrone it.

"It was considered worth a prayer and an oration carried hundreds of miles, and an audience steamed from New York to Charleston to haul up the starred and striped flag over Fort Sumter and give it back to its supreme place with commentary and explanations. It isn't much more than this authoritative place—yet how significant!—that we ask for the Bible, and this without note or comment."

On the other hand, the Rev. Dr. Spear (Orthodox), in the same number of the "Independent," declares that facts clearly show it to be true, that "the system of teaching the religion of the Bible by the authority of the state is a practical failure. . . . The truth of history is, that the state receives the largest contributions from the moral influences of Christianity when it simply *lets it alone*, and confines its work to the protection of Christians as citizens. We deny that the state is organized in this country to teach the Christian religion, or any other religion, either as a means or an end. The whole idea is false from top to bottom; and the sooner Christians make this discovery the sooner they will see things as they are, and be prepared to reason soundly as American citizens."

It must not be forgotten that the Catholic demand is, in fact, nor for *less*, but for *more* religious instruction in schools. Says "The Catholic World," "What we demand is not that religion be excluded from the schools, but schools in which we can teach freely and fully our own religion to our own children." Again it says, "Since, then, Catholicity and Protestantism mutually exclude each other, and as the state is bound to treat both with equal respect, it is not possible to carry out its intention, and do justice to both parties, but by *DIVIDING THE SCHOOLS*, and setting apart for Catholics their proportion of them in which the education shall be determined and controlled by their church, *though remaining public schools, supported at the public expense*, under the provisions of a general law as now." But Catholics have no right

to find fault with the little religious instruction that is actually given, — however much they may wish for more, — provided that little is not antagonistic to their own teaching. If they prefer to have their children read from one version of the Bible, rather than another, their preference ought certainly to be respected. Beyond this no concession can justly be granted. But this concession they do not ask. It is even doubtful if they would accept it. The thing they strike for is Catholic schools supported by the state. This is the issue on which the battle is to be fought. Upon this issue there can be no division or disagreements amongst non-Catholics. Sectarian schools, at the public charge, will never be tolerated by the American people. The attempt to establish them will be resisted even unto blood. In respect to the policy of using the Bible in public schools, there certainly exists much diversity of opinion amongst Protestant Christians, though we can see no reasonable objection to the reading, by the teacher, of a few verses in the opening exercises. *But on the question of sectarian schools, at the public cost, all American citizens not of the Catholic church, with very few exceptions, will be found of one mind, and indomitably resolved.*

—“LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.” A recent number of “The Universalist” contains an article on this subject from which we take two or three paragraphs, as deserving the serious consideration of all in the ranks of Unitarians who mean to hold fast their Christian calling.

“Christianity is, of course, liberal, because it is humane, generous, tolerant, charitable; and it would cease to be Christianity were it to cease to be what those words truly express. We cannot conceive of such a thing as *il*-liberal Christianity — the phrase is a misnomer; though a man holding the Christian faith may not be entirely saturated with its spirit.

“Liberality is a good word in itself, and stands for a good quality; but having been used of late to comprehend all sorts of belief and unbelief, and been appropriated by free-thinkers

and skeptics of every degree, and been made to cover the loosest and wildest speculations in theology and science, we run some risk of misleading others if we use it without explanation ; and we, for our part, never use it without protest against the latitudinarian and semi-infidel sense which it has come to bear in so many of the discussions of the Unitarians and Free Religionists. True, genuine, primitive, uncorrupted Christianity — if that is what we mean — are epithets liable to no objection. There is a degree of liberality which is mere recklessness and lawlessness, and destructive of all faith, and of the very ground-work of all religion. When liberality as to faith runs to the extreme of non-committalism, neutrality, indifference, a habit of looking on positive faith as of little moment any way, except as a matter of curious speculation, — that feeling, that attitude of mind, settled into a habit, is not at all commendable, not conducive to any heroic virtue, any exalted type of Christian character, even if it be compatible with perfect integrity. It is apt to degenerate into duplicity and finesse. The taint of much of the liberalism of the day, and its fatal tendency, is, that it leads to heartlessness, spiritual torpor, though it may be through a flowery mead of elegant culture, philosophical independence of creeds, and æsthetic namby-pamby."

Is it not certain that the "Liberal church" must have one and the same foundation? Can it both affirm and deny the Christ of the New Testament? Is it not equally certain that "liberality," *in itself*, is no foundation at all? If you are told that a man is "liberal," do you know any better for that what he *thinks*, or what he *believes*, or what *principles he is governed by* in life? Is it not full time that the term "liberal," as applied to Christians and Christianity, were so defined that individuals and churches may know whether or not it properly belongs to them? If, as "The Universalist" asserts, "It has been used of late to cover all sorts of belief and unbelief, and been appropriated by free-thinkers and sceptics of every degree," does not simple honesty and intelligibility of speech between man and man require either that it be discarded or defined?

—"THE NEW MOVEMENT." This is the title of the leader in the "Christian Register," of March 12, by James Freeman Clarke, setting forth certain reasons of weight in his mind against forming a new organization, within the limits of the Unitarian body, more pronounced and "evangelical" in its faith than those now existing. We are not sure that the necessity has yet arisen for such a "movement," or that the best wisdom, in view of all circumstances, would counsel it. But the doubt makes it a question; and upon this question there ought to be opportunity for conference amongst the brethren, cleric and lay, whose inclinations are known to be in the direction of a new organization. But if not a new organization, what then? Dr. Clarke would answer, "Stand by the old." Very well. The *American Unitarian Association* is based upon the Christianity of the New Testament, and pledged to it by its whole history. Hold it to its foundation and pledge. If this is done there will be no need of a new organization for doing its particular work. Dr. Clarke thinks "the *National Conference*, as at present established, gives us all the *creed* that is necessary. It gives us Christ himself as our LEADER and MASTER. It therefore places us on JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF, the true corner-stone of the Church. Anything less than this *would not be Christianity*; anything more than this is sectarianism." As far as we know, no Unitarian demands any other creed than this which the National Conference has given us, nor any narrower fellowship than is implied in its adoption.

Let its Declaration, "less than which would not be Christianity," be understood as an unequivocal expression of the faith of all the churches represented in it, and there will be no need of a new organization for doing the particular work it was established to carry on. Mr. Abbot understands it as having this purport; Mr. Frothingham, Mr. Potter and others do not. These latter regard it simply as an expression of the faith of a majority of delegates in the Conference which adopted it; but, though utterly repudiating it for themselves, the Conference opens its arms to them as cordially as though they accepted it. That is to say, the Conference makes a solemn

declaration of its faith before the world ; it gives notice to all interested that this is the faith of the "National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches," and then freely admits to its membership those who openly proclaim that it is not *their* faith, and who, if they should be a majority in the next meeting of the Conference, would surely expunge the declaration. We form an organization representing certain Christian churches ; we adopt a constitution for it intended to give it PERMANENCE ; we put forth in the constitution a declaration of faith "less than which would not be Christianity;" and then we make proclamation, "Ho, all ye Free Religionists and Radicals, who are opposed to this declaration, come in and vote it out!" "Some persons have said," observes Dr. Clarke, "that the Conference stultified itself in first adopting a platform, and then admitting into the body those who did not agree to the platform." Those "persons" we think are not likely soon to change their opinion. Better, far better, no declaration at all!

Those who think that undue importance is given to this subject should understand that, to us, the deepest and most vital of all questions is involved. We are not contending for a shadow or an empty name, but for that which is the very life of our faith, for that the tearing of which from our hearts would leave us "of all men most miserable." Jesus Christ, Image of the invisible God, the Son manifesting the Father and reproducing his likeness in his followers, the Way, the Truth, and the Life,—this is our religion ; not shut up within the covers of a book, but rooted in our souls in such wise, we would fain hope, as to bring forth fruit unto eternal life ; at any rate, in such wise as to give us all the "joy and peace" we have "in believing." We cannot therefore be accessory to any measures, or give support and currency to any opinions, which seem to us calculated to remove Jesus Christ from his rightful place in mankind's regard, to loosen his hold on the confidence and affection of his followers, to divert from the heart of this generation that stream of veneration and love for him which has flowed through all the ages since his cross became the glory of the world and his open

sepulchre the surety of its hope. Let it flow into that heart, we say, and keep flowing on forever ; it is "the pure river of the water of life."

J. W. T.

— SINCE the foregoing went to press, the writer has received a letter from one of the most distinguished of our younger ministers, an earnest advocate for a new organization, one or two paragraphs of which, as serving to illustrate "the situation," he takes the liberty to print.

"I feel very strongly that the time has come for some organized protest against much that is passing itself off in our country for Unitarianism, and that, within a few years, has been growing more and more unchristian, irreverent, and blasphemous. I have long cherished the hope that there might come a re-action in these "radical" tendencies, without any such action on the part of Unitarian Christians as is now proposed. But I have hoped in vain. Things grow worse rather than better ; and the utterances of the Radical party have, within a year or two, been such that there is nothing left for those of us, who hold still to the everlasting foundations, to do, but to say, in some open, solemn, unmistakable, and united way, that Unitarianism is yet a form of Christian faith, and still stands by Jesus Christ as Master, Lord, and Redeemer.

"Only think what is taught from some of our Unitarian pulpits, and by some of our Unitarian writers : that God is not a conscious Personality, but is only Law, or Force, or, at most, abstract Goodness ; that he never has revealed himself to men, but remains a shadow and a silence ; that the belief in such a revelation has been a curse instead of a blessing to humanity ; that the Scriptures are utterly untrustworthy as history, and that, even if Christ ever existed in fact, we cannot know who or what he was ; that he has been 'a stumbling block to the generations, and that it is high time that he was got out of the way ;' that he practiced deceit, and was guilty of many other moral offenses, and also taught a variety of false doctrines ; that '*he might have been a better man if he had only had a family* ;' that his words

were '*audacious*,' and his claims *impious*; that he and his religion are passing away, or have passed away, and that they must give place to a higher and a nobler faith; that his church has no longer any right to be, and that its sacraments, traditions, and uses are for old women and babes, and I know not how much else of the same sort. This in part, or in whole, is the spiritual pabulum which feeds (?) no small number of our churches and our people from week to week, or from month to month. Sometimes it is served with all the attractiveness which refined language and a pleasing style can give it, and sometimes it is presented in the coarser and more shocking form or aspect that so well befits it. In one way or another, however, it is dealt out to our Unitarian household in larger and yet larger measures with every advancing year. And this is *Unitarianism*!!! And still the folly is repeated, by some of the good doctors of the Unitarian body, of flattering themselves that the case is, after all, not quite so bad as we make it, and that we are all only striving after the same thing in different ways, and that, though we do not all think quite alike, we yet have ample ground in common to stand upon, and are, at any rate, one in *spirit*! We meet in convention; develop in our utterances the most radical differences of thought and belief; see, if we see anything, that we are worlds apart; and then, in the exercise of what Coleridge or somebody calls *goodiness*, rather than *goodness*, and in an utter lack of moral courage and pluck, break up by shaking hands all round and agreeing that we are all a good set of fellows, and then go home, like the miserable sheep that we are, to our respective folds. Many a time have I seen this thing enacted, and never without feeling that these are not the men and this is not the denomination than can expect to convert and redeem the world, or any part of it. The true heralds of salvation must be inspired with a loftier faith, with a stronger nerve, and with more undying consecration than this. If we are not in earnest, for God's sake let us lay down our armor and retire ignobly from the fight.

"Is it a wonder that people in and out of our communion

are forever saying to some of us, "If you do not wish to be held responsible for these utterances of the Radicals, then why do you not make some emphatic protest against them that shall be understood? The fact is, you go along smoothly enough with them; have, it is true, your little differences, but pass them easily by, show no united front in opposition to their word and work, and it is a question to our minds whether you do not feel secretly a great deal of sympathy with them and their views. We will continue to lump you together, until you do something to justify us in making a distinction between you.

"That distinction I, for one, think ought to be made, and made with a will."

— "SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS," may well be said by every reader of the Bible in schools, when he reads the judgment of the Superior Court of Cincinnati. The question will most certainly not remain where this document leaves it. We would commend the Court to St. Paul's word about the Gentiles, "who, not having the law, are a law unto themselves, who show the work of the law written upon their hearts," and to what St. John writes of the "light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." We yield to no Christian in our reverence for the Bible, but we cannot understand how a man in his senses can say that he is indebted for the few sentences of Scripture read in our schools for "an unvarying code of morals and duty," and that when these sentences are no longer stumbled over, "the pupils will be without a hope and without a God." The strongest moral argument for Christianity, is the tenacity of life which it manifests in spite of all that is done or said in its defense.

E.

THAT fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attended by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test.

RANDOM READINGS.

"THE JOHANNEAN WRITINGS."

THE correspondent from whose letter we make the following extracts will pardon the liberty we take, as we have had other communications of the same import, and believe the subject one of special interest to all who study the New Testament.

"BROTHER SEARS, — I have read with great pleasure and profit your article on the "Johannean Writings," and feel a humble satisfaction in thanking you for the opportunity. When I began, I thought I should break down, because you seemed to assume so decidedly that the John of the Gospel was also the John of the Apocalypse. It is a good many years since I was at the school at Cambridge, but, right or wrong, I think I got from Prof. Norton the impression that the two Johns — well, were two, and not one. I remember, further, that this conclusion was based wholly upon the dissimilarity of *style* (not *thought*) in the two books. You have removed this impression wholly from my mind. I perceive that you favor the method of thought that is supposed by many to be peculiar to the so-called Spiritualists. Indeed, I do not know but you call yourself by that name. Now, without being acknowledged as a Spiritualist, I believe that there is a good deal in their philosophy that deserves better treatment than it has commonly received. I think you have given us the key to unlock a good deal of the mystery that enwraps the "Revelation of St. John the Divine." As to *style*, John might have used very different language in his old age from what he did in the vigor of his days. I remember a friend, now gone to the other world, who in his youth enjoyed all the school privileges of his time. The latter part of his life was spent in India and at sea; and I was surprised, on reading the journals which he left, to see how different was the language he used in his earlier and in his later writings. As to the "seer" state, do you suppose that a man ever wrote sermons for almost forty consecutive years without feeling that there were times when he produced sermons which seemed actually to have come from a source unknown to himself? This has been my experience. Perhaps my vanity misled me. As I never made it a matter of boasting, or even of self-gratulation, I hope I was made the humble instrument of a

higher agency. So many futile attempts to explain the "Book of Revelation" have come under my notice, I had pretty much ceased to regard it any further than to take an occasional text from it. But I shall now re-read and study it.

"Thanking you for the aid you have rendered me, I remain,

"Most sincerely, yours, ——."

In answer to our friends inquiry, we have to say that we have no faith in "Spiritualism" so called, or any of its peculiar methods. Any attempt by sheer mechanical means to break through the veil into spiritual things, we believe can only end in confusion. But in all ages of the world and among all nations we find spontaneous suggestions and disclosures in the human consciousness which indicate the proximity of a higher realm of being and our essential connection with it. They indicate, moreover, just such faculties in the universal mind as we find in all Hebrew history elevated to the condition of seership, — a condition into which the Hebrew mind passed by easy transition on account of its peculiar constitution and hereditary proclivities, and for this reason, among others, was chosen as the medium for the Divine revelations.

We have always believed that modern Spiritualism, so far as there is anything in it, is not modern at all, but avails itself of this universal susceptibility, sometimes grossly abusing it. But we believe with our correspondent, that if examined as a matter of pure science, it might furnish valuable facts in psychology and pneumatology, after laying off a good many overlayings of delusion and imposture.

We think the experience of the best minds would show that their highest views of truth were not *studied out*, but came to them in their choicest moments of communion and meditation, and were inspirations of the Paraclete, or its messengers, such as our friend must have had during his long ministry in those efforts which have satisfied him most. The best sermons write themselves.

We do not think the diversities of style in the Fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse can be accounted for from our correspondent's theory. We cannot make either of them the production of the earlier periods of John's ministry. We cannot fix either of them much earlier, if any, than the last decade of the century, for reasons which we cannot enlarge upon here.

s.

LETTER TO THE PROPRIETOR.

The following letter, from a respected Unitarian clergyman, we publish as a specimen of others received from clergymen to whom

we sent specimen numbers of the magazine, who would gladly become subscribers, but are not able to do so, and are not so fortunate as to have a friend to send it free. We therefore take the liberty to say to our subscribers, that if any of them feel disposed to take an extra copy, if they will remit to the proprietor three dollars, he will send the work for the year to any poor *clergyman, layman, or woman* they may direct. B.

"MR. BOWLES. 'Dear Sir, — I received from you the first two numbers of the 'Monthly Review and Religious Magazine,' for the present year, and return them as you desired, if they were not to be taken for the year. I *return* them, because a friend of mine sends me the magazine; notwithstanding, were I somewhat fuller in cash, I should like to subscribe for it in order to help on the work, so highly do I esteem it. It is a strong *breakwater* against the mischievous tide of theological ultraism. "Very truly, ——."

FAST-DAY PROCLAMATION.

Governor Claflin has appointed Thursday, the seventh day of April next, to be devoted to fasting and prayer, and the exercise of those benevolent purposes which denote sincerity of heart toward God, and our obligation to our fellow men.

All the reasons which he gives for appointing such a day are excellent ones. But they are equally good for making Sunday the day, and not Thursday. There would be something morally sublime, and of deep and abiding influence, in the gathering of all the people in all the churches for the simultaneous recognition of their obligations to God and their fellow men, and of their own sinfulness and short-comings. A day appointed for such a purpose suggests one theme for all the pulpits, and calls all denominations from the contemplation of sectarian theology to their relations to God, to humanity, and a spiritual world. One Sunday thus simultaneously devoted might inaugurate a revival of true religion in the churches.

As it is, a few sermons will be preached to empty pews while most of the people are having a holiday. Such is the difference between Sunday and Thursday. s.

DREAMS.

"The Olive Leaf" utilizes dreams. It gives the following, which shows that somebody dreamed better things than most persons see when wide awake.

"A man of very tender conscience was constantly suffering from the fear that he could not live so holy a life as to be accepted. Self-distrust was an overhanging cloud, and colored his life with sadness. In a season of unusual distress he had a dream. In it he died; and, having left all earthly scenes, was being conducted by an angel towards his final home. As he passed along, the great terror of his life was still with him. He trembled with unspeakable fear and dread of what awaited him, and dared not even look up to his heavenly guide. Suddenly he beheld the gates of the Holy City all open to receive him, and he was safe.

"He cried out in the fullness of his love and wonder and gratitude, and said to the angel, 'How can this be?' as, with one glance, he could look back upon himself and see only weakness and want and unrighteousness. With a smile of ineffable sweetness, the gentle, loving angel said only, 'The motive was seen.' He awoke thrilled with a joy and thankfulness that he had never known before. He rose up, strengthened by a reliance upon the Divine Compassion, and went on his way with courage; and when in old age he came down to the river's brink, he remembered the words of the angel, 'God sees the motive.'"

EXTEMPORE.

The best things which have the credit of being extemporaneous often turn out to be the result of careful study and preparation. Fox closed one of his telling paragraphs in a speech in the House of Commons with the sentence, "I think the gentleman is indebted to his memory for his wit, and to his imagination for his facts." Afterwards it was found in manuscript. The sentence had been written over several times, each time made more pointed and terse, till the whole was concentrated in those few words. Everett's musical periods were written and committed, and then delivered with such a skillful weaving in of local incident and circumstance as to seem the prompting of the moment. Daniel Webster had a sovereign command of Saxon English. His famous compliment to England in a speech in the Senate will always be remembered: "Her morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping pace with the hours, girdles the globe with one continuous strain of the martial airs of England." He confessed afterward that the sentence was studied and elaborated while witnessing on the spot the drill and evolution of the British soldiers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. In twelve volumes. New York : Charles Scribner & Co.

This work is now presented complete in the only American edition which has been published. It is in clear type and in a style every way worthy of so great a work. Moreover, it is offered at a low price, and made accessible to all classes of readers. It has the charm of romance, while it revolutionizes our views entirely respecting some provinces and characters of English history.

The last six volumes are a history of the reign of Elizabeth down to the defeat of the Spanish Armada. These volumes are a complete work, and have a unity independent of the previous volumes. They constitute a grand epic, with the great queen for a central figure ; and it glows throughout with Mr. Froude's quiet enthusiasm, whose mind acts upon his material and makes everything alive which it touches. The whole twelve volumes are a historical masterpiece, the result of immense labor and of research among a mass of original documents not before used. Some of the author's views and positions are violently assailed, but no one can deny his candor ; while the wealth of his resources will give great weight to his opinions of leading characters and events.

To the religious public Mr. Froude's work will have a special value. Though not an ecclesiastical history, it has all the significance of one, while the masterly treatment, the grouping, the perspectives, the light and shade, give a fascination to the narrative. The first six volumes, taking us through the reign of Henry VIII., Edward, and Mary, cover the inauguration of the English reformation, and tell the tragic story of its martyrs. The last six volumes describe its success and glorious triumph through what an Englishman regards the proudest period of English annals. The scenes of Walter Scott's *Kenilworth* lie within this period, and Scott's novels which illustrate English history should be re-read in connection with Mr. Froude's volumes. Indeed, Mr. Froude's style of narrative is more like the animated story-telling of a first-class novelist than stately history ; and, without the intensity and the strong coloring of Macaulay, there is a simplicity which will make some of

his chapters as interesting even to children as Abbott's biographies, especially those which tell the stories of heroism and suffering which fill so largely the spaces of English history which these volumes occupy.

Studies of English history, in close connection with American history, are indispensable not only for the scholar, but the general reader; and we hope these volumes will create a fresh popular interest in such studies, and make more familiar to our people those great epochs which have had such formative influence over all our institutions, both civil and religious. Not all of Mr. Froude's conclusions should we by any means accept; but to read him will henceforth be indispensable.

The publishers have rendered the public in this enterprise an exceedingly valuable service, and deserve their reward in an extensive sale of this work, which they will undoubtedly receive. For sale by Lee & Shepard.

HEDGED IN. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "The Gates Ajar." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Extremely interesting and very ably written. Still we think "The Gates Ajar" the one book which it was Miss Phelps's mission to write. The characters in this book are well drawn. Mrs. Purcell did just what she ought to have done in regard to Eunice, but they did wrong to take the child unless Eunice had resigned her school first; for it is best in such a case not to defy public opinion. We doubt the possibility of a Eunice. A bright girl of fifteen, exposed to the influences of Thicket Street, is as old in knowledge of sin as a woman of forty. It may be abhorrent to her, and she may become as pure as Eunice; but we doubt the possibility of her ignorance.

Though society, like a corporation, has no soul, the members that compose it are guided by their feelings; and, when the question comes home to them, there are more, we think, who would and do act like Mrs. Purcell than Miss Phelps seems to believe. We think it would have been better for Eunice to have led a perfectly retired life. Nevertheless, she is a fine character, and we like the book.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE. By R. W. Emerson. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

This is the title of Mr. Emerson's new volume. The essays are among the author's best. In keen observation and criticism on the multiform phases of social and domestic life Mr. Emerson has no

rival, and this volume gives free scope to his genius in that direction. His Saxon English sparkles and stimulates like a glass of champagne. The reader starts at every page at finding his half-conscious thought given back to him, sharp and quick, like the crack of a pistol. The range of the volume is remarkable. The first essay, which gives the title, reveals the reader to himself by sudden flashes; and the essay on books is learned beyond the range even of most scholars, and is the result of life-long study among rare books. It also has capital advice for all readers. "Never read a book till it is a year old," would be a bad rule for publishers; though it would save readers from reading indefinite quantities of matter only to forget it again. If we were to select a book which is to be the *creme de la creme* of Emerson, it would be "Society and Solitude."

S.

THE CHINESE CLASSICS. A Translation. By James Legge, D.D., of the London Missionary Society. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This volume consists of two parts. Part I. gives the life and the doctrines of Confucius. The introduction gives the main facts in his biography, and attempts to refute the charges brought against him of atheism and of denying the doctrine of immortality. Confucius, says the writer, aimed at perfect morality, and anticipated our Saviour's Golden Rule. His three principal works follow with a copious index. Part II. comprises the works of Mencius, with an introduction containing his biography and some account of his opinions. This part, also, is followed by a copious index. The whole makes a very beautiful octavo volume. It is to be followed by five other volumes in the same style, which will comprise a series of Chinese classics, presenting, in complete form, the ethics and philosophy of the oldest nation in the world. The plan is well conceived and very handsomely executed. The work comes in good time, when we are to have closer relations with the celestials, and want a more perfect inside view of their religion and philosophy. For sale by W. H. Piper & Co.

Whoever wants a small work, treating in a simple and familiar way of the great truths which pertain to Christian faith, hope, and experience, and the foundation and development of Christian character, will find what he seeks in Dr. Miles's little volume of sermons, under the title, WORDS OF A FRIEND; OR THE FOUNDATION, DIFFICULTIES, HELPS, AND TRIUMPHS OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE," published by Nichols & Noyes.